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CIVILIZATION.

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CIVILIZATION;

OR

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ By whatever instrument Piety is advantaged, use that, though thou grindest thy spears and arrows at the forges of the Philistines.”—BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

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CHAPTER I.

TWENTY snows had been numbered by Tawtongo, the Indian chief, since the day when, with a considerable degree of agitation, he had intreated the mysterious Ontario to fly from the appalled tribe, with the female captive who was resigned, as the lawful prize of her benefactor. Tawtongo's hair had assumed the hue of the wintry seasons, and with this change came the usual concomitants, experience, and regret for much of the past. How, then, had Tawtongo become a reflective being? Tawtongo was twenty years older: during that period he had suffered bitterly, both in mind and

body, from various and repeated causes. He, too, had been a prisoner; he had endured torture, he had miraculously escaped, and subsequently been reduced, owing to the barbarous usage he had sustained, to the point of death. Long had he lingered on the brink of eternity, sheltered by Omi Mee, in the Christian village to which he had wandered. The venom of malice had oozed out with his life's blood. The correction of adversity had tamed the fiend within him. Tawtongo panted for repose, for consolation: for a balm to render life endurable; an expectation to afford peace; a harbour to rest securely in; a friend to sustain him under all trials; and Tawtongo embraced Christianity.

Hence we may infer, that however depraved and degraded the human mind may be, it is never beyond all possibility of amendment, and that there are periods when an impression may be made on it, which all the cal-

culations of probability might lead us to despair of.

Tawtongo's step was now no longer active, but it was once more steady with returning health. He revisited his nation, and was esteemed the most distinguished amongst their elders and counsellors; but so changed were the prevailing features of his mind, that, ere long, he was universally recognized by the epithet of "Tawtongo the *pacific!*"

In the capacity of mediator, he was deputed, by a potentate of the five nations, to negotiate the arrangement of a slight difference which had occurred between the latter and the governor of a neighbouring state.

Tawtongo satisfactorily executed his commission, and was hospitably entertained by the governor whose residence he had quitted, and was traversing an adjacent street, when his attention was attracted by the steady regard of a young man who had stopped to con-

template the striking figure of the chief, whose venerable aspect did not take from its interest. An Indian warrior was an uncommon sight in that city, and the gazer, suddenly aware of the rudeness he was guilty of, touched his hat as a tacit apology, and averting his eyes, would have passed on, but for a cry of mingled terror and astonishment from Tawtongo, who staggered back a few paces, tossing his arms with the vehement gesture of inexpressible amazement, while his protruding eyes, fastened on the features of the youth, manifested a glaring mixture of doubt and apprehension. At length, with a desperate effort, he forcibly ejaculated "Ontario!" He did, indeed, believe it was Ontario whom he beheld; Ontario still youthful, nay, even more youthful, and much more blooming in appearance than when he had beheld him twenty years before. All the Indian superstition repossessed Tawtongo for the moment,

and he no longer questioned the supernatural power of that incomprehensible Being, who could thus renovate existence and withstand the influence of time.

“ You *must* be Tawtongo, the Indian chief!” exclaimed the young man, with animated looks, and approaching with extended hand—

“ You were a friend to my father. Let me conduct you to him!—You shall see him once more, and he will convince you, that he still remembers your friendliness towards him.”

Some moments elapsed before Tawtongo could recover the strange impression that had affected him, but when he could clearly comprehend the circumstance, he evinced the most lively joy and extreme impatience to behold Ontario. On being informed, that his residence was at the distance of six miles from that city, he set off at a pace that his young companion

could not exceed, though the chief relaxed his speed the soonest, for his years were no match for the youth, and muscular strength, of Ontario's son. Few words passed between them on their way: Tawtongo pursued his course as if steadily bent on overcoming a difficulty, looking neither to the right nor left, nor pausing to notice the objects around; while the youth was debating with himself, whether the vivacity of the moment had not led him to act inconsiderately, in soliciting the chief to visit his father, who would, perhaps, willingly dispense with the recognition. But the frequent mention Ontario had made of Tawtongo, by which his son felt so intimately acquainted with him, had led him to conclude, that a sight of the Indian might be agreeable to his father. The accurate description he had often heard of Tawtongo had directed the young man's attention so earnestly towards his figure, which

answered so well, admitting for the lapse of years, to the idea he had formed of it.

The same vivacity of emotion, which had actuated his son to meet Tawtongo so cordially, operated on Ontario to receive him with a warm welcome; nor could he forget that he owed the chief a debt of kindness on his own account, however the atrocious points of Tawtongo's character might render him unworthy of consideration. Besides the sudden sight of a person not seen for so long a period, excites momentary pleasure, if it be only in looking on an object once familiar to the vision, the sensation is experienced, before we recollect if there be any other grounds for satisfaction. But when Ontario learnt the extraordinary revolution that had taken place in Tawtongo's character, and the means by which it had been effected, he was filled with the purest pleasure, and so inexpressibly interested in the history of his conver-

sion, and his previous and subsequent feelings, which the chief described with all his natural eloquence, that he pressed him to sojourn with them some days.

But the nature of the mission on which Tawtongo was employed, compelled him to return without delay to the tribe that impatiently expected him. The necessity for this departure Ontario soon found reason to rejoice at. Marian, though so many years were added to her experience, was little changed in character. *Weakness* was still its prevailing feature, and led her continually to yield to her inclinations and feelings. She no sooner learnt that Tawtongo, the Indian chief, was under the same roof with her, than she gave way to the most extravagant terrors: she could not be persuaded, that he was not in pursuit of her, nor that the vindictive influence of his savage blood had not prompted him to seek her, in order to sacrifice

her at length to his revenge. She fell into violent hysterics, in which she continued till long after Tawtongo had departed, and it was many days before she could believe herself in security.

CHAPTER II.

WE must now take a view of the situation in which Ontario re-appears, after a lapse of time, that nearly brought his son to man's estate. His family now inhabited a commodious dwelling, neither destitute of elegance nor taste, still embosomed in retirement in the midst of a picturesque and cultivated country, sheltered from the eyes of those inquisitive gazers, who are idlers about the vicinity of a town.

Such a residence he could alone be induced to select, in exchange for the happy seclusion he had quitted with so much reluctance, and he was still a voluntary exile from society. His wife and son occasionally mingled in that which the vicinity afforded, though the latter found no charms in it; but Marian was not fastidious.

By dint of inquiry, they had discovered that her father was no more; they also learnt the fate of the Indian whom they had employed to seek him, who by accidental causes was so long detained from his native village, to which he ultimately returned.

On becoming an inhabitant of a regularly organized state, where society was civilized, in the common acceptance of the phrase, it became necessary that Ontario should assume a name, which, while its simplicity sheltered it from observation, would enable him to procure, through an address to it, the resources necessary to his expenditure.

These he received by application to a mercantile gentleman, with whom he had had some unavoidable communication on his first landing in Canada, and who was prepared to answer his demands whenever they should be made; and under the name of Young he carried on this correspondence.

But as that was not his legal appel-

lation, we shall continue for the present to call him Ontario, as being more familiar to us, and suitable to the romantic cast of his character.

Marian was well pleased to find, that her husband's property was not inconsiderable: he allowed her a *cariole*, kept saddle horses for his son, and there was no indulgence or luxury that Marian could not command. Every thing essential to Justinian's education, or that could contribute to his improvement, was procured in profusion. Large cases of books were annually obtained from London or Paris, through the mercantile friend, in which every modern work of respectability, with newspapers, pamphlets, &c. were forwarded to our exile; and all essentials requisite to the attainment of any particular branch of science, which could not be procured in the neighbouring city, were furnished through the same means. Ontario had been indefatigable in imparting to his son the full extent

of his own intellectual stores, taking care first to establish a solid groundwork in a pure biblical foundation.—On this immoveable basis rested strict morality and solid virtue ; and as the superstructure rose, the valuable acquisitions of science, of the arts, and of literature : the light embellishments of the outworks were those pleasing accomplishments which are always desirable, but never indispensable.

All that was wanting in his own education Ontario had taken care should be supplied in his son's : he had long since yielded to the conviction, which experience had forced on him, that education, *judicious, entire*, education, could never be productive of any thing but good ; nay, that it almost superseded the possibility of evil. He had in the Indians seen what man was in his natural state ; he had, in his wife, an evidence of what woman was without *early* instruction ; and

he was now persuaded, that the calamities of his younger days were neither owing to the excess of cultivation in himself and those about him, nor to the high state of civilization which his country had attained, but rather to the lack of a *peculiar species* of instruction.

Now convinced that an individual, destined to move in a certain circle of society, could not have his mind too purely refined, or too splendidly adorned, he illustrated this change in his opinion by the example which his son presented.

Naturally acute, and eager in the attainment of knowledge, Justinian was yet immature in years when he had exceeded his father in acquirements. He possessed other advantages in his vicinity to a college of no mean reputation, established in the adjacent city, whither he frequently repaired to receive from the professors, in their leisure hours, private instruction in

those branches which his father was not competent to explain to him.

He was now, at the age of nineteen, of a ripeness of knowledge, owing to his activity in his studies, and the uninterrupted attention he had been able to devote to them, seldom attained at those years. His countenance was always interesting; his figure was majestic; he was neither pedantic, austere, nor formal in his manners; but indulgent to the infirmities of others, and only rigid in regard to his own. He possessed them in common with all his species, but no one ever strove harder to overcome them. He inherited all his father's tenderness of heart and quickness of sensibility; but he did not, like him, yield wholly to this influence. His disposition inclined to vivacity, notwithstanding the many hours he devoted to serious studies; but he always quitted them with a stronger zest for the rational pleasures of life. He did not despise any source of inno-

cent gratification, and *could* join in simple amusements, and for a little while derive entertainment from them. His mind, serene and happy, had never yet been sunk by the weight of calamity, nor agitated by the contentions of turbulent passions ; tempered to enjoyment, every thing he beheld interested him ; and his hopes or fears relative to the future were not of a nature to disturb his peace. He could not doubt, from the style of his education, and the views his father sometimes presented to his mind, that he was destined to move in the higher walks of life : he was not ambitious of grandeur, but he was of usefulness ; and he therefore rejoiced in the idea that the means might be afforded him. True, the mystery that enveloped his father sometimes occupied his mind ; but his opinion of him was so exalted, his confidence so implicit, that he never for an instant admitted the thought, that it could arise from any thing censurable

in that father's conduct. Justinian had never, directly or indirectly, attempted to penetrate Ontario's secret ; though he remembered, from infancy to have heard dialogues between his parents, sometimes amounting to contention, relative to the silence his father thought proper to maintain, on a subject which Marian would still venture to renew. All that Ontario had ever said to his son regarding it, was in simply apprizing him, that whenever death should make him fatherless, all the particulars it was requisite he should know, would be found in a packet directed to himself among the papers it would then be his duty to examine.

" Oh ! do not talk of it," was all that Justinian replied, his features contracting into an expression of pain. For his mother he felt a strong degree of natural affection, and treated her with that respect which he could not really experience towards her ; for re-

spect is a sentiment which can only be excited by an object that deserves it, or at least whom we believe to be worthy of it. Of her history Justinian had nothing to learn, as she had long since imparted to him every particular, as well as every thing that she knew or *imagined* concerning his father ; thus the ground of their union was very apparent, and accounted for the alliance of two persons so very ill-assorted.

Marian loved her son because he was *hers*, because he *amused* her, and because, in her eyes, he was *handsome* ; the three strongest charms that could be exercised on her affections. She had had several other children, but not one of them had reached maturity.

CHAPTER III.

JUSTINIAN had attained his twentieth birth-day, when his father thus addressed him :—

“ I feel, notwithstanding all the hours I have devoted to the study of your welfare and advantage, that I have but half performed my duty towards you, and that there remains one grand sacrifice to be made of feelings, of prejudices, long nourished, before I can gaze on you with that complacency, arising from perfect satisfaction with my conduct in regard to you.”

Justinian, with unfeigned surprise, declared his unconsciousness of being deprived of any advantage which the most unbounded indulgence could bestow.

Ontario continued—“ You have a right, my son, to demand more of me

than I have yet had courage to perform. I see you now arrived at manhood; of a temperament fitted for society; and possessed of genius, talent, and abilities, which would render you an ornament to the most polished circle. You know exactly *how far* such attainments are to be valued, and therefore the consciousness that you are blessed with them can excite no ostentation or vain glory in a breast sensible of what they exact and how they may be abused. I see you fortified to enter the theatre of the world, and I am therefore called on to afford you the opportunity. In your early years I contemplated this period as so distant, and the probability of my reaching it so uncertain, that I thought I should escape this effort, and that my demise would much sooner have put you in possession of the information contained in the papers I once before alluded to, and which I am now resolved to deliver to you on your next birth-day, when

you will have attained the age at which men are intitled to act for themselves in that country to which your future prospects may perhaps lead you. It will then rest with you to decide on whatever plan your choice may dictate."

"Oh, sir," cried his son, "I do not wish to decide for myself: I do not want to have a choicc.—I am perfectly satisfied with whatever you approve, and I would rather not know anything that would give you a moment's pain to communicate. I am extremely happy as I am: do not make any *sacrifice* for me; since, after all, what can you do more for me than make me happy?"

"I cannot feel justified in doing *less* than I propose, nor can I, my son, believe that you will not, at some period, wish to visit other scences, and seek communication with persons congenial to you, which, here, you are almost deprived of."

"Yes, sir, I own I should like to travel; my mind sometimes seems to

expand to the four quarters of the globe, and to long, in one scope, to take them all in. It is true, this expansion of thought often carries me from the present scene, but still I am content with this, though nothing would delight me more than, under your guidance, to wander the world over. But I should feel a poor solitary being going alone, and would much rather stay here for ever than leave you behind."

Ontario faintly smiled, and shook his head. Justinian looked serious, but asked no questions. Indeed, the prospect which now promised a removal of the veil that concealed his future destination, excited anxiety rather than anticipation. He feared that he should learn something that he would rather *not* know. Some untoward circumstances must have coloured his father's early days; mystery enveloped them, and mystery was closely allied to misery. Grief must ensue from a

knowledge of the sufferings which had tortured his father's heart, and that father, it was evident, was called on to act a part little consonant to his inclinations. At all events, their present calm, serene, and grateful feelings, must be interrupted; and would any sensation that replaced them, prove equivalent? Could his father have felt satisfied in making this disclosure, Justinian would have rejoiced at it, as gratifying to a most natural curiosity; but he hated the thought of anything that could give pain to one so dear to him.

Ontario spent many uneasy hours in the anticipation of the effort he was prepared to make, and its probable result—but neither had a *just* claim to his attention, for he was never called on to make the effort, nor to witness the result. A severe fit of sickness, arising apparently from an accidental cause, reduced him, in the course of a few weeks, to the verge of the grave.

The angelic patience with which he endured his sufferings, presented him in a new light to his admiring son, who strove, by all the arguments his religion furnished, to repress the anguish of his own heart, and endeavour to partake in that triumphant emotion, that glowing hope, which filled the breast of his parent, who contemplated the termination of his existence with the calmest pleasure. All his *certain* views were beyond the narrow gulph he was about to pass, and he was delighted that he had reached the brink. Had he lived, absence from his son would have been inevitable, and in the loss of his society, life would have been deprived of its greatest charm, and he must have endured all the mortification and pain he had apprehended from the disclosure he was resolved to make. He was accurate in his directions respecting every particular he wished to be adhered to, at his demise, and informed his son, that his will was de-

posited in the hands of Mr. Smith, (the merchant before alluded to) to whom it had been forwarded some years since, with an explanatory letter, in order that its legality might be certified, and that no confusion should arise, nor doubt of the identity of those mentioned in it.

Ontario expressed to his son, a wish that a few months might be suffered to pass over, before the mystery that enveloped him should be penetrated, observing with that romantic sensibility which still characterised him, that he should like to be calmly wept, and hallowed by the genuine effusion of unmixed feelings, and that the fervent tribute of filial love might honour his memory before the agitating interest of new impressions should be sought. Justinian, with most affecting earnestness, supplicated to be permitted to consign to the flames all those papers which he believed his father had an unconquerable repugnance to deliver

to him, and Justinian was only desirous, at that moment, of relieving him from any source of anxiety. But Ontario satisfied him by the assurance, that he ardently wished their contents should be revealed, at a period when their disclosure could give himself no pain.

The attendance of Marian at this period was neither agreeable, nor consolatory, to her husband; though he never checked her by a captious word, but he was always best pleased to be left entirely to his son, who never quitted his apartment for more than a few minutes, when the sudden poignancy of his feelings compelled him to seek to hide them. But Marian either disturbed the sufferer by noisy sorrow, or still, like a foolish child, teased him with vain and fruitless questions.

On the evening previous to his dissolution, his intellects still retaining their clearest perception, he said at intervals to Justinian, who knelt by his bed-side holding his hand,—

“ You know not, my darling son, the delight that I experience in the conviction, that from the manner in which you have been educated, and the principles that flourish in your heart, your last hours may resemble those I now enjoy—believe me that no period of my existence has been so free from anxiety, or so full of hope and anticipation as the present. Could the most brilliant moments of felicity that have at distance brightened my earthly career, be all combined and multiplied to uninterrupted continuation, and given to my re-enjoyment, in an extended sojournment here, I would reject the offering with contempt.—No, I would not yield one hour of that celestial composure I now feel for a whole life of human joy.—I know what *that* is—I know too, what is *human* love, and what are *human* affections, and I want something better to fill my soul, which now feels no interest short of Heaven. Oh! my

excellent friend Bloomfield ! I am coming to you, to whom, under Providence, I owe the feelings of this hour. Blessed instrument of Omnipotent mercy, who first directed my attention to *this* source of light and life."

His hand rested on the volume, which lay beside him, open at the 15th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians, the last he ever read.

The heaven-wrought expression of the father's features was reflected in those of the son, who gazed on his parent, as he would have contemplated an angel, and comprehended in his soul all that Ontario exemplified.

The sobs of Marian, in a distant part of the chamber, disturbed this exquisite calm. She thought it very *shocking* to hear her husband speak in that *sad* way, as she termed it, and no longer doubted that his state was indeed *hopeless*, when he could talk of *human enjoyments* with such indifference.

Breathing forth his hopes of Heaven through the Celestial Author and giver of Christianity and life, Ontario resigned his existence in the arms of his son, without a single sigh or struggle.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIAN had been prevailed on to retire to rest. On arising in the morning she received from her son the tenderest communication of her misfortune, and she screamed incessantly for near an hour, while she was held to his bosom in speechless emotion. Calm but heavy drops quickly chased each other down Justinian's faded cheek—all the bitterness of wounded affection marked his countenance, where also might be traced the effects of long watching, and constant anxiety.

He uttered no word to check the first effusion of a grief he thought so natural, and which rendered his now *only* parent, far dearer to him than she had ever been before before—but when

“ Ere the first day of death was fled,”

he heard her calmly consulting with her maid on the description of dress it would be *proper* she should assume, and observed her cheek dry, and her unsuffused eye denoting eager interest in the subject she was speaking on ; he felt amazed and offended, and retiring to the chamber he had reluctantly quitted to sympathize with her who, he believed, needed consolation, he left it not again, till it no more contained the sacred form which he had embalmed with filial tears.

Justinian suffered, as it was natural he should, under this irreparable loss ; he was not above all human feeling, but he felt no hopeless anguish,—no horror, no consternation, but a shock as of a painful, but not mortal wound—a deep regret, that he should be separated from his father even for a time. But when he considered how very brief the period *might* be, a pensive smile gladdened his features, and he blessed the Power that had made

his body mortal. This firm, this steady, hallowed influence, knew no abatement : unlike the frantic turbulence of grief, that astonishes even more by its brevity than its violence, future seasons witnessed no revolution in his feelings on this point ; he became reconciled to the loss of his father, but never lost the cause of it in forgetfulness.

Many weeks had not passed when his mother began to importune him to enter on the examination of her late husband's papers ; for Ontario had expressly committed all that related to his affairs, to the charge of his son.

Justinian was displeased at his mother's impatience, and observed, that many months must elapse before he should think himself justified in taking any steps in the business, and he reminded her of what Ontario had said on the subject. But that was not sufficient to silence her, and she often renewed the theme, and hinted her

anxiety regarding the will of her husband. Justinian informed her, that he had written (as indeed his father had enjoined him to do) to Mr. Smith, apprizing him of the melancholy event that had taken place, and that he would, in the course of a few months, be called on to produce the will deposited in his hands. Mr. Smith had returned a satisfactory answer. But Justinian considered that this testament could not be read with propriety, till *after* the examination of the other papers, as, of course, names and circumstances now enveloped in mystery, must be revealed in it. The arguments of reason and propriety had little weight with Marian, and she persecuted her son with incessant importunities on this delicate subject; and though he remained inflexible, he was not the less tormented by the continual repetition of the same intreaty.

That respectful solemnity which he wished for a time to preserve, that de-

cent retirement which was alone congenial to his feelings at this juncture, had another *interruption* in the intrusion of their country neighbours. They never had been admitted more than once a year in his father's time, when he had allowed Marian to give them an entertainment, but at which he never appeared himself. She now began to encourage them about her, being eager after any thing resembling society. Tired of herself, and still more weary of the monotonous pomp of woe, she soon received, as her most intimate companions, some respectable farmers wives, illiterate vulgar women, well suited to their station in life; but from a communication with them, Marian could derive no possible benefit, while her manners, and that refinement which poor Ontario had indefatigably endeavoured to produce, and which her son hoped she possessed, were likely to suffer materially by such an intercourse. Jus-

tinian gently expostulated, but was silenced by bitter reproaches for cruelty, in wishing to deprive her of the only consolation she had under her affliction. He was not of an age or disposition to attempt interfering further, nor could he think he had any right to do so in the house of which his mother was the mistress. He could only entreat and supplicate her to maintain her own dignity, by keeping at a proper distance those who were unfit associates for her; but his representations were all vain, and the evil daily increased. Justinian was now compelled to confine himself to his study, or be exposed to meeting guests the most unwelcome to him. So weak and inconsiderate was Marian, that she imparted to her favourite associates her uneasiness relative to the mystery that hung over her husband's affairs, and her extreme anxiety to have it unravelled, and even instigated these women to represent to her

son the impropriety of his delaying to gratify her. Justinian was as much offended as disgusted at their interference, and determined, as his presence was of no avail, to execute a plan which he had for some time meditated, of travelling through the civilized parts of North America, and thus employing the time that must intervene before his future fate could be known to him. He concluded that his mother would not think of emerging from retirement ere the first year of her widowhood had expired, and long before that period had arrived he should return to her. He had no means of preventing her choice of companions, and his only alternative was, to recommend her to one of the most respectable among them, whom he knew to be a very good woman, though not less vulgar than the others. He was apprehensive that his mother would object to his leaving her; and she did affect to do so, but it was evi-

dent to him, that she was in reality glad to be left solely, and without interference, to her own guidance. She still loved him enough to weep profusely at the moment of his departure, but she did not attempt to detain him. He supplied her amply with what was necessary for her expenditure, which, together with what he required for himself, he had obtained from the same source which his father had always resorted to, namely, Mr. Smith, who had informed him that a considerable sum still remained in his hands. Justinian had the chest containing the important papers strongly secured, and placed in the custody of one of his friends and preceptors, a professor, who promised it should be deposited among the treasures of the college. *Why* Justinian thought this measure necessary, may perhaps be questioned; but the contents of the chest never occurred to his mind without causing his heart to beat quicker;

nor could he have known peace, while doubtful of its security, or conscious that it was in a situation which might tempt curiosity to take unjustifiable steps for its gratification.

CHAPTER V.

WE shall not follow him through every scene of his travels, during which he visited most places worthy of note in the northern division of the new world, but chiefly devoted his attention to the civilized portion of it. Sometimes he mingled, but not often, with the native Indians ; he was satisfied with what his father had told him of them ; and the cast of his education rather gave him a taste for the beauties of refinement, and the profuseness of cultivation, than for the wild productions of untutored nature. When he chanced to find himself in the midst of a tribe of senseless savages, and observed their dissoluteness and depravity, he would recollect what had been told him of the excellent Missionary, and all that he had done through the means that were revealed

to him, to metamorphose these barbarians; and instigated by the fervour of piety and love of human kind, Justinian would attempt to harangue the Indians, and incline them to Christianity. But he was not then suited to so grand a purpose; his youth, his inexperience, his ignorance of the heart of man, concealed from him the avenues through which it could be penetrated, and the means by which it might be touched. He could not command his own feelings sufficiently to command those of others. It was only under the influence of vehement emotions that he became eloquent, and then he poured forth a splendid oration, an unchecked tide of words, which, though fully calculated to astonish, persuade, and convince an enlightened and elegant mind, was unintelligible to the gross comprehensions of the beings he addressed. Then their stupidity irritated him, and he betrayed the disgust they inspired, by his reproaches and impatience; thus

exciting their resentment, instead of calming their passions, and awakening their torpid reason. In short, he was soon convinced that though he was amply furnished with weapons to combat the abuses of civilized society, they were of a description which could not pierce the dull mind of ignorance; impenetrable to a sudden attack, though susceptible of impression by gradual and steady operations.

Justinian had not yet acquired that long-suffering spirit of endurance, essential to so great an undertaking; neither was it compatible with his years, unless when distinguished by a temperament prematurely cool and philosophical, and which, however desirable, was certainly not possessed by Justinian at that period of his life; and he felt his incompetencce to act the missionary, though admiring the character beyond all others.

Though Justinian experienced considerable gratification during his tra-

vels, the feeling with which he admitted the propriety of his directing his course homeward, in order to penetrate the long protracted mystery was more pleasing than any other.

He had watched the lapse of time with tolerable patience, but now that the period of suspended expectation was drawing rapidly to a close, a more vivid sensation took possession of his mind; he became anxious, and even painfully interested in the issue of the communication that awaited him. Every day that brought him nearer home increased his agitation of mind, and he could no longer rest undisturbed even at night, part of which, as well as the day, was devoted to expediting his journey. At length, after an absence of six months, he found himself within a few miles of the residence endeared to him by so many affecting recollections. He had only heard once from his mother during their separation, owing in some mea-

sure to his frequent change of abode ; but chiefly to her utter abhorrence of writing ; and when she had made the effort, it was merely to say that she was well, and express a hope regarding him to the same effect. Justinian had no doubt that he should find her in the same situation where he had left her, and he anticipated with the warmth of natural affection the pleasure of again beholding her, hoping soon to remove her from the vicinity of the circle which had proved so obnoxious to him.

But all other ideas were superseded by the most affecting remembrances as he entered the familiar scenes, where he could fancy the spirit of his father still lingered. The image of Ontario was brought back to his mind with extraordinary vivacity, and the tears that trembled in his eyes fell on the grave of his father, ere he proceeded to the dwelling which that father's presence had so endeared to

him. The neglected appearance of every thing about it,—the flowers choked with weeds, the rank and seeded grass, the littered lawn, scattered with straws, and fallen leaves, all bespoke the lack of that industrious neatness which Ontario had delighted to preserve in every thing about him; nay they bespoke still more, and corroborated, what the aspect of the house denoted, its being *uninhabited*.

Justinian was filled with extreme consternation: what was he to understand by this solitary scene? and where was his mother? Under the most uneasy impression he walked round the house. He tried both doors and windows; all were secured except the lattice of one of the offices which had been shaken open by the wind. Through this he without difficulty entered the house, which he found to be totally unfurnished. He opened the door of each gloomy apartment, for

darkness reigned in most of them, owing to the window-shutters being closed. He mounted the stairs, and went straight to the chamber that had been his father's, and where Ontario had breathed his last, and had been watched by his son while he remained on earth. Justinian opened the door; all within was profound obscurity,—dark as the vault that now enclosed the form that once had breathed there,

“ Its echo and its empty tread
Now sound like voices from the dead.”

Justinian entered, and with outstretched arms proceeded in the direction of the windows with the design of unclosing the shutters. Nothing obstructed his progress, the furniture having been removed. Well acquainted with the fastenings which he had so often gently adjusted, to avoid the intrusion of a domestic who might have disturbed his father, he soon ad-

mitted the light, and turned to cast a mournful glance round the chamber. The shade of an object near him caught his dazzled eye. He did not start, but rushed precipitately towards it. It was the full length portrait of his father, and had been removed to that room at his death to spare Marian's feelings. Justinian gazed on it with overpowering sensations, and for a few moments he yielded to a gust of impassioned grief, as he leant his head against the frame that surrounded the portrait. He thought of the welcome he should have received from that father had he been living, and the most acute anguish for a moment wrung his heart. The firm confidence of religious hope suddenly calmed his perturbation; he wiped the tears from his cheek, and looked steadily, and without pain, on the beloved resemblance. While he still contemplated it, a rushing noise, as of some object swiftly traversing the

house, assailed his ears. It advanced with velocity along the passage—a wild, undefinable cry announced its appearance, and Justinian could not forbear clasping his favourite dog in his arms as it sprang with delight even to his shoulders. Few meetings are more tender than this proved, for poor Justinian's dreary feelings made even his dog's welcome delightful, while the grateful animal was almost frantic with joy. Where he came from Justinian knew not, but concluded he had found his way in, through the open casement. Justinian now hastened to quit those melancholy walls, having previously locked the door of the room which contained his father's picture, and taken the key. Why the portrait should have been left there, was as unaccountable to him as the entire desertion of the spot. It was an invaluable legacy, and had been executed at his urgent request by an artist of considerable eminence who had

made a short stay in the adjacent city, and who had been permitted by Ontario to come to his house for the purpose of gratifying his son's wishes. *Where to seek his mother was now* the subject uppermost in Justinian's mind, and one distressing in the extreme: he directed his steps to the nearest farm house where he hoped to gain some intelligence of what had occurred during his absence. His dog, he concluded, must have been a pensioner with some of the neighbours as he appeared to have been well kept. The information which Justinian readily obtained was, that his mother had removed into town, as the country people called it, where she had taken an unfurnished house to which her moveables had been conveyed, and which she inhabited. His dog had been a boarder at the farm where he obtained this communication, and was also furnished with a direction to his mother's present abode.

Marvelling what could have induced her to take so decided a step, he re-entered the vehicle which *had brought him on his journey, and which he now shared with his dog, and in little more than an hour found himself at the door of a handsome house, which on inquiry, proved to be that he sought.*

His mother was at home, and as much amazed at seeing him as if she had expected he would never have returned; though, in his last letter he had mentioned the probability of her soon beholding him; but in truth she had thought so little about it, that it came upon her like a circumstance wholly unlooked for. Yet at the instant of again beholding him, she felt some transient joy, and Justinian was too sincerely gratified at having found her in health and safety, to think for some time of entering on the subject of her change of situation. But a smart rap at the street door threat-

ened interruption to their cordial intercourse. Justinian hastily entreated *that they might not be intruded on,* but Marian assured him it was only one of her most particular friends, whom he would find a very different person from those individuals he had objected to, as her former companions. A pretty little pert familiar woman made her appearance, and sat for two hours chattering incessantly on the most trifling topics, but by which Justinian discovered that his mother led a very gay life and went frequently into public. The voluble lady repeatedly committed trespasses on her mother tongue, and spoke loud and rapidly, and if by *her*, Justinian might judge of the circle of his mother's associates, he should have pronounced, that for the vulgar rusticity of the farmer's wife, was now substituted the forward flippancy and ill attempted gentility of the milliner's apprentice, or *fille-de-chambre*. Exceedingly vexed at all that he ob-

served, and especially at the perpetual allusions to different men who, it *seemed*, were intimâtes, and particularly to one designated *the captain*, who was recurred to at least every five minutes, Justinian sat totally silent, except when the visitor extorted a reply from him, which she frequently attempted. At length he had the happiness of seeing her depart, when he was informed by his mother, that the *lady* was the wife of an ensign, a most agreeable man, though not very young; to which Marian added a boast that she had got into a most *charming* SET, chiefly of persons belonging to the military, which, she observed, was universally allowed to furnish the best society.

“The best, and the worst,” was Justinian’s laconic reply. He now delayed no longer to request an explanation of the changes that he witnessed. The reply was brief, and without preface; it consisted in a

simple avowal on Marian's part, that the extreme dulness of the country had determined her to quit it as soon as she was her own mistress. She now wished to live like other people, she had had quite enough to do with *queer* persons and *odd* notions, and now she should do as every body else did. The decisive tone she assumed rendered it difficult for Justinian even to hint his feelings on the occasion, but he observed, that he regretted she should have made any change in her way of life before their ultimate plans had been arranged, as they would probably lead her to resign her new residence, if her destiny called her to another country.

Marian promptly replied, that she had no intention of quitting America. Justinian was again silenced, he saw she was determined to act entirely for herself, and did not choose to be interfered with, nay, that she was captious, and impatient at his only betraying,

by his *looks*, that he did not approve of all that he saw ; and he suspected that in her heart she already wished him away again. He observed that she had cast off her deep mourning, and wore a white gown with merely black ribbons. She perceived that his eyes were fixed on her dress, and she immediately reminded him that his father had been dead ten months, and added, it could hardly be believed, considering that she had all that time been kept in ignorance of what concerned her so deeply. Justinian's brow suddenly contracted, as if he suffered a severe pang at this gross allusion to his father's death. After a pause, he said, that on the morrow she would know all that could be interesting to her. Marian commented on his words in the spirit of tenacity, and folly, concluding with a declaration that she would never be *documented* by a son, who should recollect it was a mother's right to advise

him. She was extremely out of humour with Justinian for a cause beyond what was apparent, and which could never have been suspected. She thought he was much altered in *person*, and not by any means so handsome as she had once persuaded herself he was. Grief and anxiety, and subsequent sun-burn and fatigue, had certainly not improved his looks, and Marian began to question, notwithstanding he had been so pretty a child, whether any body would now have remarked him for uncommon beauty of countenance. And in this conclusion she was for once right, and those who had not discrimination enough to perceive a soul in those features which would have made the worst proportioned agreeable, might have gazed on them without admiration. When Marian had a little recovered her pettishness, she informed him that she expected a party that evening—for a

moment he thought he would absent himself, but the next recollected that it would afford him an opportunity of judging of the description of his mother's associates. They were such as could be furnished by the lowest rank of officers of the army and navy, beyond a certain age, with their wives. The relationship of one of this circle to a country friend of her's, had introduced Marian into it, and she gladly grouped with persons who flattered her vanity by making her the first among them. Justinian would have reproached himself for having left his mother, had he not been convinced, by repeated experience, that his presence had no influence over her. He was thoroughly disgusted with the evening party, and shocked and distressed by the extreme levity and childishness of Marian's manners, which were those of a girl of fifteen, bred at an inferior boarding-school, just making her *debut* in a

garrison town; seeking admiration, delighted with flattery, and fancying a lover in every beholder.

This was her general behaviour; but towards one individual peculiarly favoured, she evinced so marked a preference, so undisguised a predilection, that Justinian was perfectly confounded. The favourite, though higher in rank than the others, and a handsome man, was little more polished in manners or address; but *his* was unblushing ignorance, a bold assumption of superiority, built on the *purchased* distinction which made him higher in his profession, and supported by no other prop than his power of out-talking the rest, and dictating laws to them, while he permitted them to laugh unchecked at his extraordinary wit and sagacity. Towards Marian he assumed the tone of an accepted and most familiar lover, to the utter discomfiture of Justinian, who, perceiving

by his mother's unequivocal encouragement of these advances, that his interference, which he was very much inclined to obtrude towards the gentleman, could be of no avail, retired early from a scene quite insupportable to him.

CHAPTER VI.

HE passed the night in great agitation. The simple idea, that the next day would develope his destiny, was enough in itself to deprive him of rest. He intended repairing to the college, where he had deposited his treasure; and in a private apartment, which he knew he could obtain there, pursue the momentous examination, which he might not have been permitted to do, undisturbed, at his mother's house. This deep interest, important as it was, could not solely occupy his mind, while Marian's imprudence called so loudly for his attention. Was he to remain passive under such circumstances? What was he to do? How was he to proceed? What did duty and propriety demand? These were puzzling questions to one so unexpe-

rienced on such subjects. He decided, at length, that he must have some conversation with his mother on this painful topic, and by what might then transpire, be directed how to act in regard to Captain Jackson, the *enamorado*.

Justinian met Marian at breakfast with some embarrassment. She looked sulky and displeased with him, tossed her head, knocked the tea-cups about, and demonstrated her feelings, as she conceived, in a very dignified manner. On his attempting to open the subject, she cut it short at once, by declaring that she knew what he was going to say ; he might therefore as well remain silent, for she was determined to *marry* Captain Jackson, and added—" You know when I make up my mind on these points I am not to be diverted from my purpose. I was determined to marry your father and so I did ; and I am just as resolute now. I am not going to do any thing improper or

hasty—I shall wait till I have been one year a widow—and I shall be married *the day after—and I am sure nobody* can condemn me.”

Justinian was so inexpressibly shocked, and, we must add, disgusted, that he could not utter a single syllable; but immediately withdrew, looking all that he felt, though striving to command his emotion. The inquiries he wished to make regarding the respectability of the suitor's character, he must prosecute in some less partial quarter; but he feared it would be to little purpose, as Marian seemed so irrevocably determined, and there was, as she had observed, no reason to doubt her resolution on those points. He endeavoured to dismiss the afflicting subject from his thoughts, and fix them wholly on the incalculable interest of that hour. It was indeed of a nature to suspend every other impression, and frequently, on his way to the college, his knees trembled, his breath grew

short, and his heart throbbed with a violence, that rendered him speechless. *He stopped and made some successful efforts to recover his composure before he presented himself to his old friend the professor, who received him with a warm welcome, and accommodated him with an apartment where he could examine the important papers without interruption.* Justinian secured the door to prevent the possibility of intrusion. He beheld the chest before him; his trembling hand held the key, which he attempted to turn, while so strong was his anxiety, that he could not yet divest himself of a dread that something would occur to prevent his attaining the knowledge he panted for. But now the lock yielded, and he raised the lid of the chest. The first thing that presented itself was a packet of papers, neatly enveloped and thus superscribed—"For Justinian Lansdowne, Lord St. Maurice."

The blood rushed into Justinian's

cheeks — he was breathless — his eye seemed to strike fire ; but his emotion changed as he re-read — “ For Justinian Lansdowne, Lord St. Maurice — only son — treasure and sole earthly consolation of Ontario the exile ! Ontario the injured, disgraced, outraged Baron St. Maurice, of Lansdowne Hall, Rutlandshire, and St. Maurice, Cumberland.”

Justinian's eyes reverted to the words — “ treasure and sole earthly consolation ” — his glowing cheeks were moistened without his being conscious of it. The tenderness to himself, which this expression conveyed, overpowered Justinian, whose feelings already so tumultuous, were keenly susceptible of the contending emotions raised in his breast. It has already been affirmed, that he was not ambitious of grandeur, but what young man of ardent imagination, and with a heart glowing to prove its worth by being furnished with extraordinary power, would not

feel a flush of joy at a sudden elevation to rank and distinction? He opened the packet, which contained a letter from his father, and a journal.—On the back of the letter was written,—“ To be read *after* the perusal of my unfortunate history.” Justinian, therefore, turned to the latter, in the full expectation of a detail of most extraordinary, and almost unprecedented misfortunes; but, more than all, was it to be regretted, that they were neither *extraordinary, unprecedented*, nor even *uncommon*, though the feelings they gave rise to, in a mind organized like Ontario’s, were peculiar to himself; and under their influence, he related his story in language that could scarcely give the reader a just view of the circumstances which assumed a romantic cast from his style of delineation. We shall, therefore, briefly present the substance of the relation, while Justinian is occupied with the manuscript.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD St. Maurice, at an infantine age, succeeded to his title by the event which left him an orphan, he having previously lost his mother.

He was educated as most young men of his rank are educated, and was less injured by the process than most young men of his rank prove to be. His peculiar characteristics have long since appeared, but to enthusiasm and romance in his days of thoughtless joy, were added candour, vivacity, and inflexible good humour, together with unbounded confidence in his fellow creatures, and a total incapacity of believing them any other than they appeared to be.

His father's will made him his own master at the age of eighteen. As might be expected, he rushed into the fashionable dissipation of the day; but he

was not vicious,—and, if dragged by persuasion, he had not always firmness to resist, into scenes of vice, it was only to retire from them with horror. He had no ruinous propensity, he therefore did not impair his fortune, which, being very considerable, he was in all respects an object highly attractive to manœuvring mamma's and daughters *debutantes*; and his heart was made of such penetrable materials, and so prepared and eager for an object to expend its stores of love on, that he was not less ardent in the pursuit than were the former parties in their speculations. He soon became riveted, captivated, intoxicated, even to a point of desperation, by the extraordinary personal charms of Lady Caroline Sherwood, who, by the aid of every glaring accomplishment, the splendour of rank, fashion, attire, and manners, irresistible to Lord St. Maurice, was constituted one of the most fascinating objects that could be beheld. But he persua-

ded himself, that she had a still more solid claim to command his heart: *he mother was a lady of reputed sanctity*, at least, in her own set much was said of her propensity that way; and St. Maurice, who had always a respect for religion, though few of his thoughts were then directed towards it, yet allowed that it could not well be dispensed with in a wife. Yes; she whom he intended to invest with that sacred title was the daughter of a pious mother, and of course must have imbibed proper ideas on that subject.

It would have been hard, indeed, if Lady Elthorp had not acquired a character of sanctity, as she had been all her life studying to make one for herself, being peculiarly ambitious of that respectability and consideration which is irresistibly commanded by a really pious person: She never lost an opportunity of saying, she regretted that people should think her *so particular*, but, indeed, she thought *Sunday* ought

to be scrupulously attended to; she had no doubt that she should be called a *methodist*, but she must endure it, as it was inevitably the case when that strictness was maintained which *she* thought indispensable. And all this was because she forbade cards on the sabbath evening, which was devoted to the entertainment afforded by popular singers and musicians. An ostentatious command was always loudly delivered that none but *sacred* music should be performed,—but the injunction was rarely attended to, and when neglected, never noticed by Lady Elthorp. A ball on Saturday night was invariably arrested in its progress precisely as the dial pointed to midnight, and a watch was held up in grand display of this punctual observance, when the party retired to the supper table, round which they continued carousing till four or five o'clock in the morning. When in the country, for in town it might not have been *observed*,

the carriage never failed to be announced at the hour of morning service, but it was seldom that her ladyship or her fair daughter was ready to occupy it, when one of the waiting women was desired to proceed in state to the place of worship, in order that the carriage might be seen at the church-door; and as their pew was always surrounded with green silk curtains closely drawn, it was not easy to perceive *who* occupied it. Lady Elthorp also declared, that she thought it her duty to make her domestics attend public worship, and she insisted that *two* of the footmen (out of ten or twelve) should repair thither invariably. This caused a regular quarrel every Sunday morning among the household, each individual endeavouring to evade this service, which, judging by the example of their employers, they conceived must be very irksome. Lady Elthorp was frequently disturbed by information, that only *one* footman could possibly

be spared to go to church; when she would urge her command, and still it would be stoutly opposed; for resistance from menials is often endured by the fine lady who makes herself dependent on them. Then Lady Elthorp would suggest, that John, the stable boy, must go. *He* had not his livery.—Oh, then, it was of no *use* his appearing at church, as it would not be known that he belonged to her; but Peter might lend him his coat, and then the *two* in livery would be seen as usual; “and mind” she would add, “let them be there by twelve o’clock, for I will not have them go in after the sermon has begun.”

In the same spirit, her ladyship had an enormous splendidly bound bible placed on the table, as regular as Sunday recurred; but if any one attempted to open it, she checked them by observing, that handling it injured the binding; and she inflicted a smart box on the ear of one of her children, for

having accidentally thrown a shawl over the book, just as a loud rap at the door announced visitors. Had this show-book been concealed from view, the whole purpose for which it was placed there would have been frustrated.

Such was the religious character of Lord St. Maurice's mother-in-law, which she became soon after he had attained his twentieth year. His lovely fascinating wife was in his eyes all perfection. He believed that she doted on him, and perhaps she did; but her fondness was not of a description to lead her to dispense with general society; on the contrary, they together mixed in every scene of pleasure which fashionable life could present. St. Maurice only experienced the most exquisite felicity in beholding the admiration his enchanting Caroline commanded wherever she appeared. She still supported the part of a reigning belle, and was surrounded by all the

concomitants of that character; but among the multiplicity of her slaves, St. Maurice found no grounds for jealousy, a passion that never entered his mind, and he was as proud of the sensation she excited as she could be herself. He thought he was the most distinguished of men, and exulted so much in this idea, that he not unfrequently betrayed the triumph of his heart. But, to an impartial eye, it was evident, that Lady St. Maurice was a character similar to many other married ladies, who unfortunately are to be met with continually, even in England. Her ruling principle was vanity, and the strongest passion of her soul, the love of admiration; her finest study, its gratification. Yet her mind was faithful to her husband, nor did she believe it possible, she could injure him. In their private hours, she was often endearing,—sometimes, to vary the monotony of connubial love, she would even coquet with

him, thus practising for greater occasions; but, in every mood, she was to him the most exquisite of beings, and had ever power to entrance his senses in delightful illusion. But the moment another of his sex appeared, who had the slightest claim to distinction, either on his own account, or from the estimation in which he was held by the fashionable world, all her attention was turned to him, and she was indefatigable in her efforts to monopolize his admiration. This course was pursued for two or three years, in town and country,—that is, in London, or at watering places. Lady St. Maurice's charms were not impaired, but they had no longer novelty to recommend them. Many cotemporary belles disputed the field of conquest with her, exciting her to strive with more eagerness than ever to secure food for her craving vanity. The success of a rival gave her more bitter anguish than she would have suffered

under a severe calamity; and she endured more mortification, anxiety, and incessant solicitude in thus wrestling without ceasing for admiration than could be conceived or suspected; for the perfection of her art was to conceal its aim, as well as the feelings which success or disappointment gave rise to. And all this she did under a persuasion, that her practices were perfectly innocent, that she was merely amusing herself at the expense of that sex which was made for her entertainment; and she really believed, that no woman loved her husband better than she did in her heart, and that no evil could possibly result from her favourite propensity. St. Maurice still delighted in the enchanting gaiety, as he termed it, of his idol, and had but one wish ungratified. He longed to be a father, but another year elapsed and still this desire was unfulfilled.

The death of Lady Elthorp about that period forced them into tempora-

ry retirement, but not even then into solitude, for domesticated with them, for the time, in order to arrange some affairs in which he was concerned, was the nephew of a former husband of *Lady Althorp*.

“Colonel Fitzgerald was near forty, but he had lost none of his powers of attraction when he chose to exert them, which however he did not think proper to do on the present occasion; for he shewed himself to very little advantage, having no particular views to accomplish: yet he was a man of noted gallantry, and had even the reputation of libertinism; but nothing in his conduct at that period evinced such a disposition. St. Maurice’s extraordinary candour and sweetness of temper, which made every one his friend, perhaps had its influence even on the vitiated heart of Colonel Fitzgerald, or may be Lady St. Maurice was not so captivating in his eyes as she was generally esteemed. He had

often been heard to boast that he had never seen the woman to whom he would sacrifice his liberty ; and this professed indifference, together with a certain species of *eclat* acquired from successes of a nature to render him abhorrent, nevertheless, to their disgrace be it written, made him a favourite object of attack to many fashionable females. Lady St. Maurice soon emerged with renewed splendour from her seclusion ; she had been piqued beyond measure at Colonel Fitzgerald's total insensibility to her attractions, and had formed the irrevocable determination of fixing him her slave : but it cost her considerable trouble, and demanded a very active spirit of persecution, before she could secure his attention : the resistance only stimulated her to commit herself further, and at length she beheld him her devoted admirer, *professedly*, but he kept her in constant apprehension, by occasional fits of indif-

ference, and a pretext of flying off to some other charmer. Still Lady St. Maurice followed up the dangerous pursuit, blind to the precipice she stood upon. St. Maurice was at this time at the zenith of happiness; it had been hinted to him that there was a distant prospect of his attaining his only wish, and his exultation on the occasion knew no bounds; he expressed it freely, and without reserve, to every one about him. A few weeks had passed, when his tranquillity was disturbed through one of his most intimate friends, who, after considerable preparation, with the utmost delicacy suggested to him, that the *charming vivacity* of Lady St. Maurice had excited the censoriousness of the world, and that ill-natured observations had been made on her intimacy with Col. Fitzgerald. Lord St. Maurice was instantly divested of all his calmness; he became infuriated, not with his wife, not with Colonel Fitzgerald, but

with the friend who presumed to repeat such observations, and with the world which dared to make such comments. Of the former he demanded, if he wished to convert him into a tyrant over his wife, a spy on her every look, a clog on all her actions? No, he had the most unbounded confidence in her, and would not for the universe shock her by expressing a doubt of her most rigid prudence.

Of Colonel Fitzgerald, he had also reason to think most highly, from his conduct while living under the same roof; and he sincerely believed that all the evil which was propagated of him, was basest slander.

From that time St. Mauriee seized every opportunity of displaying his unlimited confidence in his wife, and his contempt of every suggestion to her disadvantage. One evening, a trifling indisposition prevented his accompanying her to a ball, from which she offered to absent herself, and re-

main with him, well knowing he would not permit her to do so on his account. He, deeply appreciating her apparent tenderness, conjured her to go and enjoy herself, without thinking of him. She shook her head bewitchingly, and they parted with smiles, and embraces.

St. Maurice's slumbers were broken by the expectation of her return—about four o'clock he thought he heard a carriage stop before the door, but as Lady St. Maurice did not join him, he thought he had been mistaken, as six, or seven, was no unusual hour of return. They arrived, and still he did not feel apprehensive till he heard a bustle in the house uncommon at that hour. He rung his bell, and the voice of his lady's waiting-maid was soon heard at his chamber door, intreating to speak to him. Hastily throwing some clothes about him, and now for the first time admitting a dread of evil, he opened the door; when the woman informed him, that her mistress had

been at home some time, and that she had retired to another chamber, fearing to disturb him as he was unwell.

“ And why all this dismay in your aspect?” interrupted St. Maurice.

“ Oh, sir, my lady looked so dreadful! just like a ghost, and her eyes so wild, and her words so confused, and she never went to bed, Sir, for I heard her walking up and down the room, groaning, and sometimes almost shrieking, in the most dreadful manner—and I tried to gain admission, saying it was only me, when she called out, just in the voice of a person out of their mind, that if I told you how she seemed, she would certainly stab me instantly.—Then I sent off for the doctor, and when I told her of it, she seemed of a sudden more calm, and said she believed she was very ill, and that he must give her something to put her to sleep, or she must die. I went in with him, and she was sitting on the side of the bed with her eyes fixed in a kind of stupor

with all her ball clothes on, and she never uttered a word to the doctor, *who I believe thought she was mad*, but as soon as he was gone, she told me that, that if I suffered you to come to her, she should expire that moment, and that I must contrive some means to prevent it."

"To prevent it!" cried St. Maurice, to whom this communication had been rapidly imparted, as he swiftly traversed the galleries that separated his chamber from that occupied by Lady St. Maurice, which he entered without any preparation, as he repeated in the tremulous accent of unutterable apprehension,—“Who shall prevent her husband”——

He could not articulate what he would have said. Lady St. Maurice was standing near the bed-post, now clinging to it distractedly, then writhing in agony of mind, past conception. Her diamond tiara, and other jewels, were scattered about the room—she

had torn them off, with parts of her splendid dress, which glittered in shreds upon the carpet. But when she beheld her husband, she sent forth the shriek of a maniac, and threw herself on her face along the floor, and continued there uttering deep and piercing groans, waving one hand with a rapid motion that he should not approach her.

Let the votary of admiration pause for a few seconds, and steadily contemplate Lady St. Maurice at this moment!

To delineate her lord's sensations is quite impossible:—whether she was suffering from mental or corporeal anguish he knew not; and in either case was equally at a loss what to do. He could only supplicate that she would speak to him, which she at length did, but only to repeat again and again, "Leave me, leave me!" The attendant also represented that her mistress might perhaps be persuaded to go to bed if his lordship would retire, and St. Maurice reluctantly withdrew, to

seek the medical gentleman, who was still in waiting: but from him no information could be gained; he could only say, that Lady St. Maurice was in violent agitation, but as she would not speak, no opinion could be formed respecting the cause of it. St. Maurice returned to his chamber to complete his dress, and try to think, and in some measure, to command his excessive perturbation. He had not been there long, when he heard the rapid approach of some person towards his chamber:—the door flew open with violence, and Lady St. Maurice rushed into the apartment.

An unnatural inflation swelled her features, her eyes projected, her lips were convulsed, and she looked like the distracted tortured Pythia in the act of denouncing the fall of a world.

She fell prostrate before her husband, and struggling long and frightfully for words; she at length articulated—

“ I am a monster!—You are dis-

graced, outraged, betrayed !—Had you suspected me—had you been a tyrant over me—I could have deceived you : but your tenderness, your indulgence, completes my ruin, and I publish it myself :—there are the evidences of my guilt,” she continued, dashing a packet of letters on the floor, and adding, with a convulsive cry, “ Fitzgerald is the murderer of your honour !” She sunk senseless at his feet.

A considerable time elapsed, and her maid, who had been hovering about the chamber-door, and had heard every word that passed, listened again and again, and was surprized that no movement or voice met her ear. After waiting till her patience was exhausted, she ventured to tap at the door—no notice was taken of it—she entered, and beheld Lord St. Maurice sitting calm and motionless, a livid paleness spread over his unmoved features, his eyes were fixed on no precise object : his wife remained exactly in the position she had

fallen in ; she was speedily removed to her chamber. St. Maurice retained for *many hours the exact resemblance of* a statue ; but that night he was encountered by a friend, wandering through the streets in a state of insanity. His friend took charge of him, and watched him with unremitting attention for several weeks ; during which St. Maurice continued in the same lamentable state.

Lady St. Maurice owed her fall, not to the arts of practised libertinism, not to a corrupt heart, or vicious inclinations, but to *vanity*, the love of admiration, and the absence of that strong principle, which a religious education would have presented against the dominion of such dangerous failings. She had involved her reputation by her extreme imprudence to a degree that left her character completely at Colonel Fitzgerald's mercy : an advantage he availed himself of to her utter destruction. He had hoped that she had art enough to impose on her husband,

which she probably would have done could she have withstood the first *excruciating horrors of a guilty conscience*, for they no sooner remitted, than she began to think what possible compromise she could make with the insulted world, or how escape the ignominious destiny that threatened her. Marriage with Colonel Fitzgerald, when the law should have annulled her former engagement, was the only alternative ; and having extorted a promise from him to that effect, she retired to a remote quarter of England, assuming a feigned name, under which she intended to reside in seclusion, till she could re-appear with a mended reputation.

Returning reason had not long dawned on St. Maurice's aching brain, when he formed the wild project, he afterwards executed, of flying to the haunts of savages, and never again revisiting the scenes of civilized society. Added to the torture inflicted on his heart by the sudden downfall, through

the most horrible means, of all his felicity—the triumph, the exultation, the confidence, he had displayed to the world, now gave double sharpness to the finger of scorn, which he felt pointed at his very soul.—Confusion, debasement, the most exquisite mortification, he saw prepared for him, in the scoffs of ridicule, the stings of derision, the humiliating pity of his own sex; and to fly for ever from the scene of his degradation, was the only thought which he could pause on for a moment without agony. He felt, that the blood of his injurer could not appease his feelings, though it might load his conscience; and, indeed, he now attached so much blame to himself, that he was compelled, on that account, to remove a portion of opprobrium from Fitzgerald. Strange as it may appear to some dispositions, St. Maurice still, with his characteristic benignity, harboured some tenderness for the murderess of his peace: he wished it were

possible that she could still be happy, and that *he* might be the only sacrifice.—This, and this alone, actuated him to seek to relieve her from her marriage ties, in order to restore her liberty, and on that subject he wrote her a letter, on the eve of his banishment, that must have penetrated her heart to agony.—He had previously forwarded into the hands of an eminent counsellor, the letters which his wife had delivered to him as testimonies of her guilt, and all other papers he supposed requisite to obtaining the bill of divorcement, which he prayed might be passed as soon as practicable.

The friend who had attended on him with such fraternal solicitude, had observed, through all his ravings, one prevalent idea, that, above all other, seemed to torture him, and he repeatedly assured him, that the subject of it no longer existed, and the first dear intelligence, that St. Maurice's unsteady mind fully comprehended, was,

that the expectation which had once caused him such excess of joy, and subsequently such acute anguish, had no longer any grounds, as the violence of Lady St. Maurice's agitation and remorse, had precipitated the disappointment of her maternal hopes.

St. Maurice took measures for procuring twenty thousand pounds of his funded property, which he afterwards deposited in the hands of Mr. Smith, the American merchant, in the name of Young, and obtained the use of it without revealing any clue to his identity. Mr. Smith was the owner of the ship St. Maurice sailed in to America, and having accidentally some communication with him on his landing, he at once placed confidence in his integrity, and however imprudent, he never had cause to repent of it. Regarding any other arrangement of his affairs previous to his quitting England, St. Maurice had been wholly incapable, and had merely notified to his agent

that he was leaving that country for ever. That he fully executed his plan we have already seen, and that such should have been adopted by one whose gentle heart had been so cruelly lacerated, and whose susceptible mind had been so incurably wounded, is not surprising. Time might, perhaps, have caused a revolution in his feelings, which would have led him again to polished society, had not his temporary passion for Marian involved him in a connection which confined his views to another region. Indeed, his whole nature was so improved and corrected, by the spiritual instruction which his invaluable friend Bloomfield was the means of affording him, that he no longer retained an interest about the trivial objects that once engrossed his whole soul. Thus, after all, the greatest calamity of his life proved the most fortunate circumstance that ever occurred to him, by throwing him into a situation from which he revived a new creature.

But through all his varying emotions, and every change of his subsequent life, he still retained that striking abhorrence to the thought of his disgrace being known to any human being who could look on him, that led him even to endure the vilest suspicions, rather than reveal the truth. This was a weakness he never could overcome ; it might be termed false shame, as he had no part in the guilt—but yet it was not wholly so, for he never ceased to reproach himself as being a passive accessory to the black catastrophe ; and this he ever did with a lingering tenderness towards that thankless being, whom he could not bear to vilify so deeply in the eyes of those yet unacquainted with her guilt. This sealed his lips, and made him unjust to himself. On emerging from his remote retirement, he had debated, whether he ought not to assume his proper name, still dropping his title ; but *that* even might lead to discovery,

and involve him in dilemmas, which he had not courage to risk, and he contented himself with writing to his agent in England, giving directions regarding his property in that country, which was to be suffered to accumulate, till unquestionable authority should announce his demise, and his son, Justinian, the legal heir, present his title to the inheritance. St. Maurice took effectual precautions to prevent the discovery of where the letter came from. He also deposited a letter in the hands of Mr. Smith, with a charge, that it was not to be opened till Mr. Smith should receive intelligence of his death. It was to empower him to resign St. Maurice's property to his son on that occasion. Thus, with many other precautions, as the written history of his former life—by various letters connected with that period, by the certificates of his second marriage, and his son's birth, Ontario felt satisfied, that he had removed every objection

that could have interfered with his son's inheritance, and established his rights beyond all possibility of doubt. St. Maurice's devotedness to this darling son had at length led him to subdue his almost unconquerable repugnance to revealing his history ; but that he was spared that painful task, has already appeared, as well as the happy termination of all his sorrows.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE narrative which we have simply presented in unvarnished colours, appeared in the most vivid and affecting guise, from the enthusiastic, sentimental, pen of Ontario, and left his son penetrated with the keenest emotions, nor were they ameliorated by the perusal of the letter, which he was enjoined to read *after* his examination of the other papers. It commenced with an effusion of paternal tenderness, indicative of Ontario's delight and exultation in his son, and expressive of his gratitude for the comfort he had proved to him. He then recommended Justinian to repair immediately to that country with which his future prospects entirely connected him, in order to assume that place in society which his birth and rank en-

titled him to. Ontario's letter continued, " I have no apprehensions for you, my son, though such a revolution in situation and circumstances, might strongly affect a youthful mind less fortified than yours ; but you will know, and feel, that in being placed on an elevation, that raises you far above the majority of your fellow-creatures, and distinguishes you as an object of general observation, you become a mark for society ; you attain influence incalculable even where it is imperceptible, and you are answerable for neglecting to use such dominion to the utmost advantage of the circle you animate. You are also called on imperatively to present such an example, as shall admit of scrupulous imitation, without infringing on the nicest limits of propriety. The duties attached to rank and distinction, are unlimited, and the neglect of them unpardonable. Virtue beams with only her natural lustre from the exalted

station where we so naturally expect to find it, springing from the nurture of cultivation, and sheltered from the temptations attendant on poverty and neglect. And oh ! how doubly hideous is vice, when blazoned to our view from an eminence that casts its baleful influence to incalculable extent !

Guilt, though always detestable, augments in horror and culpability, with the rank and station of the guilty. The humble cottager, the wealthy tradesman, the private gentleman, the peer, the prince, the potentate, each has his circle in which he proves a blessing or a curse ; and each is answerable for the consequences of his actions, which are of more or less moment in proportion to the sphere of his responsibility."

Ontario's letter further embraced every theme that could affect the welfare or interest of his son. He did not neglect to mention Marian ; but it seemed, with reluctance, for what

could he say of her? He knew Justinian was perfectly acquainted with her disposition, and would scrupulously perform all that duty and affection could exact; and Ontario only reminded him that he was now her *sole* earthly protector.

The other letters contained in the chest, were some of them from his father's early correspondents previous to his misfortune. There was also a packet of lady Caroline Sherwood's 'epistles previous to her marriage, and these were almost worn to pieces from frequent recurrence to them. There were besides several sealed letters, directed to British noblemen, whose attention Ontario wished to secure for his son, immediately on his reaching England. He had reason to suppose they were still living, as the newspapers and other literary communications which he had seen, often made mention of them.—Justinian was in possession of every thing requisite to substantiate

his undoubted rights. The will he was only anxious to obtain on his mother's account, as without it, being the legal heir, his inheritance would devolve to him. Ontario had deposited it with Mr. Smith, in order that no doubt of its legality should arise, and from him Justinian intended to obtain it previous to his embarkation, which he proposed should take place from the port where Mr. Smith resided. Hour after hour elapsed, while he revolved again, the momentous disclosure now revealed to him, and meditated on the splendid prospect before him. But his mother!—continually did his thoughts recur to her with pain and humiliation; but perhaps the knowledge of her elevation would induce her at once to resign all thoughts of degrading herself by a connection so unworthy of her rank. But dare he reveal to her every thing without reserve? he wished it ardently; but could he do so with prudence? He determined only to

assume his proper name on his leaving that part of the country, but to forbear taking his title till it was legally substantiated by the laws of England. Thus he should avoid the observation and comments, which must have been excited by his immediately appearing in his real character. But such forbearance on the part of his mother he dared not look for, if he once told her that she had a right to be called Lady St. Maurice; and her adopting that appellation, at a juncture when the imprudence of her conduct would present her in such an unfavourable point of view, to the notice which would immediately be attracted by a title, (no very common distinction in that region,) should be avoided if possible. Yet Justinian thought he had no right to conceal any part of the communication from his mother, and he pondered on the subject till his brain ached with thinking, and night surprised him still undecided how to act. He had pro-

mised that *that* day should terminate Marian's impatient curiosity, and he was resolved not to disappoint her. Yet, after all the agitation of mind he had endured, he was most unfit to enter again on the subject to such an audistress ; therefore, was he infinitely relieved, when, on returning home, he found that Marian was at a party, from which she was not expected to return till a late hour. He retired to his chamber, rejoicing in the respite that was allowed him for further consideration. The result of it was, that he could not, with strict propriety, make any reservation, in the long promised disclosure to his mother. She received it with innumerable exclamations of amazement, and many were the interruptions offered by her childish questions, and superfluous observations ; but poignant indeed was Justinian's mortification, when, after all that he could say on the subject, and all the allurements he held out to in-

duce her to accompany him immediately to England, she remained inflexibly resolved to contract the degrading connection which she meditated.—Nay, she had actually bound herself by a solemn engagement so to do. Justinian subsequently endeavoured to obtain some information respecting Captain Jackson's private character, but he was little known in that place, and Justinian was forced to rest satisfied with the account he gave of himself, which was highly favourable. But the familiar footing on which this man was received, at his mother's house, and the parental tone towards himself which he sometimes attempted to assume, was insupportable to Justinian, and he hastened the preparations for a departure which it was of no avail to delay.

No persuasion, no entreaty, could induce Marian to forbear assuming her title, and it was full employment for her to run about among her acquaint-

ance, and introduce herself as Lady St. Maurice, and explain *how, and why*, she had become so dignified. She talked of visiting England at some future period subsequent to her marriage, but Justinian did not press her on that head. The interest of the twenty-thousand pounds in Mr. Smith's charge, Justinian agreed to divide with his mother, till the final arrangement of their affairs, and he promised to remit her a copy of his father's will.

CHAPTER IX.

BEHOLD Justinian now advancing towards that brilliant and alluring prospect which extended before him, causing his youthful heart to bound with joy at the contemplation. Long accustomed to hear of England, to read of England, and to think of England, as the first country in the world: he felt more as if returning to his natural clime, than as if leaving, probably for ever, the region which had given him birth. Youth, health, and wealth, those active, vigorous, able auxiliaries to the efforts of virtue, and effects of goodness, animated his soul with delightful hope; nor were his feelings checked, when on reaching the port of embarkation, where Mr. Smith resided, he learnt that that gentleman was absent and was not expected home for

some days. His confidential clerk informed Justinian, that Mr. Smith had, through a posthumous letter of the late Lord St. Maurice, been taught to recognize his son as the present Lord, and that the will and all other papers connected with the subject were carefully secured by Mr. Smith, but could not be obtained till he returned. This was unlucky, particularly as a fleet was on the point of sailing for England, and autumn being far advanced, it was the last for that season, on which account Justinian determined it should not depart without him. The credentials in his invaluable chest he considered as sufficient to establish all his rights, the will was therefore not so important, and he was content in leaving a letter for Mr. Smith, authorizing him to open it in the presence of three witnesses, and to send a copy to Lady St. Maurice, and the original to himself in England, according to the direction he gave, by the first opportunity.

Justinian had scarcely made these engagements before he was called on to embark on board a store ship, in which, through the exertions of Mr. Smith's connections, who treated him with the greatest attention, a passage was procured for him. He took with him five hundred pounds, and sailed in excellent spirits from the land of his nativity. He found little to excite interest in his fellow-passengers, and so fully was his mind occupied with the future, that he was disinclined to converse, and did not invite approach, except in those whose maritime knowledge enabled them to afford him a species of information he was before a stranger to: nor was the novelty of a sea voyage wholly unpleasing to him.

The evening star always found him on the deck, and there he would linger till the whole concave of heaven was enamelled, and, reflecting its brilliance in the deep, seemed to enclose the ship in two sister firmaments.

Then Justinian's thoughts would cling to the remembrance of his father, and he would hold communion with him in idea, till he fancied the beloved spirit was pouring into his ear all that the parent would have said, respecting the scenes that awaited his son, had he still been living.

At length the chalky cliffs of Albion rose on the delighted eyes of Justinian, seeming to invite the offspring of her self-exiled son, with a promise of repaying to him all that his father had endured upon her shores.

Justinian landed in a state of feeling so tumultuous, that he had no thought for any object around him. His first wish was to reach London as soon as possible, and he had no sooner got the whole of his baggage on shore than he set off in a post chaise and four for the metropolis. On arriving there, he was not at a loss what part of the town to repair to, as he had heard enough of it to know which was the region of

fashion, and he was driven to an hotel in St. James's-street. The accommodations were perfectly to his taste ; and there he was content to remain one night tranquil, while he meditated on the proceedings of the day to come. The first step to be adopted, was to present a letter, left by his father, for the gentleman who had transacted all his affairs, and upon whom, if still living, Justinian relied for instruction and advice. He had formerly resided in Pall Mall, and Justinian had the satisfaction of learning from an intelligent waiter, who well remembered him at the head of a considerable house in that neighbourhood, that Mr. Delaval had retired from business and now resided in Portland-place.

There Justinian determined to seek him the ensuing morning, and deliver into his hands the letter intended for him. Knowing that Mr. Smith had written, in conformity to directions left by Lord St. Maurice, to apprise Mr. Dela-

val of his demise, and also to name his heir; Justinian believed that his appearance would not be unexpected, and that his name would be sufficient to ensure the most respectful reception.

After a night of agitated, but pleasing slumbers, Justinian rose, and soon after breakfast set off, under the direction of a guide, for Portland-place. Having reached the handsome edifice, on the door of which appeared a plate, denoting it to be the residence of Mr. Delaval, Justinian dismissed his guide, and with considerable trepidation gave a knock that would have disgraced a hackney-coachman. His tremulous question—"Is Mr. Delaval at home?" was received by a powdered lacquey with a request for his card. The card was handed to a second attendant, who forwarded it to its destination. On it was written—"The Honourable Justinian Lansdowne."

He was instantly admitted and

ushered into an extensive library, where sat an elderly gentleman of a prepossessing appearance, who, as the name was announced, precipitately came forward, with extended hand, exclaiming—" Lord St. Maurice, I am exceedingly happy to see you."

Infinitely relieved by a reception so consonant to his feelings, Justinian recovered the tremor that had affected him, and delivered the letter with a glowing face, an animated eye, and a grace in which his temporary embarrassment was entirely lost. As they seated themselves, Mr. Delaval observed, that he had long been anticipating the pleasure of seeing his lordship. Justinian returned—" Mr. Smith, I believe, apprized you of ——" he hesitated, and Mr. Delaval immediately rejoined—" Yes, yes; I had a communication from Mr. Smith. Does your lordship know any thing of that gentleman?" "The nature of our intercourse with him, that letter, I believe,

will inform you of, as well as every other particular necessary to be known," returned Justinian, scarcely knowing how to interpret the question. Mr. Delaval looked at the letter, and recognizing the hand and seal, evinced signs of feeling in his change of countenance, and the deep sigh that accompanied the words "*well known !*" They reached a chord in Justinian's heart, painfully susceptible of vibration; he hastily rose, and scarcely articulately observed—"You have much to learn from that letter, I will leave you to peruse it, and return by-and-by." Mr. Delaval would have detained him, saying he would delay the perusal of the letter, but Justinian urged it; and having accepted a pressing invitation to dine, he left the house. But it was only to wander about the adjacent streets till he had recovered his emotion, and supposed Mr. Delaval had digested the contents of the explanatory epistle.

On his return, he was shewn into a different apartment from that he had before been in, and a polite message was delivered to him, purporting that Mr. Delaval was occupied with important business, but would wait upon him shortly. There was no lack of amusement for a solitary hour in the place where Justinian found himself—books, pamphlets and newspapers invited his attention, but his mind could not be engrossed by any thing irrelevant to the subject that engaged it; and most tedious were the *two hours* there spent in expectation.

At length Mr. Delaval entered, but with an air so extremely embarrassed, an aspect so really distressed, that he no longer appeared the same man that Justinian had before seen. He stammered; made awkward apologies for the time his guest had been kept waiting, and added, “but really I was so totally unprepared for the communication contained in Lord St. Maurice’s

letter, that—that—that much time is required before I can arrange my thoughts upon the subject, and—and—and—

Inexpressibly amazed, Justinian exclaimed with some warmth—"What am I to comprehend, Sir? Did you not tell me that you were led to expect me, and that you had received a communication from Mr. Smith which could leave no doubt of——?"

"Yes, Sir," interrupted Mr. Delaval; gladly catching at any thing to aid his embarrassment, and taking Mr. Smith's letter from his pocket, and unfolding it—

"Mr. Smith expresses himself thus:—'I have been directed, by a letter left for me by the late Lord St. Maurice to inform you of his demise, and that you will please consequently to make every arrangement preparatory to the succession of his only son and heir Justinian Lansdowne, now Lord St. Maurice, whom you may speedily

expect to claim his indisputable rights."

As Mr. Delaval paused, Justinian calmly observed—"Is there any thing equivocal in that, Sir?"

"You wrong, you wrong me," cried Mr. Delaval with agitation; "I question nothing of what has been imparted to me. I am ready to acknowledge, nay maintain the authenticity of every word contained in your father's letter; he was a dear, a kind, and ever valued friend of mine, and his son shall never have cause to reproach me with being his enemy."

As he uttered these words, Mr. Delaval clasped Justinian's hand with trembling energy, and after some moments of mutual silence, he continued—

"But, a few days I must be allowed for reflection; and then we will talk again on this subject."

"Pardon me, Sir," returned Justinian. "I can acknowledge no neces-

sity for reflection on a point, which is, as my dear father terms it, *indisputable*. I have documents, certificates, and all other credentials, to establish my rights beyond the power of doubt or question. You must be sensible that my anxiety to do so is extreme, and that the delay, even of a few days, in a matter so important, would be intolerably irksome to me, and wholly useless. I must apply to proper persons for the arrangement of all legal points, and take such measures as I had hoped to have been aided in by your advice and friendship, Sir."

" Well, well," said Mr. Delaval, again betraying distress and solicitude in his looks and manner, " only give me a day; to-morrow I will wait upon you, and in the meantime let the matter rest—will you not dine with me?"

This question was added in a tone that seemed to solicit a negative, which it immediately extorted, and Justinian saying, " To-morrow, then,

I shall expect an explanation of all that has occurred on this occasion," departed much displeased. A train of very uneasy feelings took possession of his breast, perplexing, chiefly on account of his total incapacity of comprehending, or even guessing, at the cause of Mr. Delaval's extraordinary behaviour. Had he received him in the first instance, as he had done afterwards, it would have excited no astonishment. Justinian could have attributed it to many possible causes, but the gratifying reception he had met from Mr. Delaval, rendered his subsequent conduct quite unaccountable. Justinian returned to his hotel with a sensation, which he had often endured since his father's death, that excited by a desire of communication with some sympathizing being, who could offer him advice and consolation, and whose discourse would be a comfort to him under all circumstances.

CHAPTER X.

JUSTINIAN passed the remainder of the day in examining, again and again, all his father's papers. The letters addressed to his noble friends he laid aside with a sigh, as he determined that not one of them should be delivered till the laws of his country admitted him to be the person described in these introductions. He arranged all the documents he intended to submit to Mr. Delaval's inspection, and stood every way prepared to maintain his clear and incontrovertible claims. Of Mr. Delaval, he was fully disposed to think favourably, knowing that he had been respected by his father, who was indebted to him for the tender solicitude with which he had been attended to during the height of his calamity;

for it was Mr. Delaval who had encountered Lord St. Maurice on the first night of his agony and madness. All this Justinian had learnt from Ontario's journal, in which Mr. Delaval was uniformly alluded to as a dear friend. Yet Justinian, remembering the grateful confiding disposition of his father, admitted with pain, that it was possible he might be deceived.

Howbeit, the hours of the succeeding day became insupportably tedious, while he awaited the promised visit from Mr. Delaval, who came not ; and at the moment that Justinian had ceased to expect him, and had resolved on seeking him at his own house, a letter was presented, which proved to be from him. It merely contained these lines—

“ My dear Sir,

“ I am extremely sorry that it is out of my power to wait on you this morn-

ing, but to-morrow I trust I shall be enabled to fulfil my promise.

Your's, most truly,

WILLIAM DELAVAL.

Portland-Place,
Wednesday morning.

Justinian could not help thinking, that the style of this address was scarcely such as he had a right to expect, and he was still less pleased with its purport. On refolding the letter, he observed the superscription which, in his impatience to learn the contents, he had not before paid attention to. He started as if an arrow had pierced his breast, and his blood rushed to his face as his indignant eyes gazed on the offensive, the insulting address—“*Mr. Lansdowne.*” He caught up his hat determined instantly to repair to Portland-Place, and demand an explanation from Mr. Delaval of the indignity he had put on him. In any other circumstances, Justinian would

not have considered it as worthy of exciting his resentment, it might be an omission through forgetfulness; but, as *he* was situated, it appeared like an unequivocal reflection on his legitimacy,—nay, an absolute denial of it. Mr. Delaval should have addressed him as Lord St. Maurice, but had he only directed to him as the *Honourable* Justinian Lansdowne, it would have demanded no attention; but as it was, it could not be overlooked.

As he proceeded on his way, Justinian endeavoured to calm himself, and encourage the idea, that it was *possible* Mr. Delaval might have committed this offence through inadvertence. He found that he was at home, and Justinian now sent in a card with the name of Lansdowne obliterated with his pencil, and “Lord St. Maurice” superseding it. He was immediately admitted. As he was announced, Mr. Delaval rose in visible perturbation.

Justinian advanced with a steady step, a stern brow, and flushed cheek; holding out the letter in one hand, and with the other pointing to the superscription, he calmly said—"Explain *that*, Sir." Mr. Delaval bent his eyes on the floor; he trembled, turned pale, and sat down, as if too much indisposed to be able to sustain himself. He spoke not for some moments, while Justinian's varying colour betrayed his deep anxiety, as his fixed eye rested on the distressed countenance of Mr. Delaval, who, a little recovering himself, waved his hand towards a seat with a supplicating glance. Justinian drew a chair near him, and sitting down said, with a fluctuating voice, for Mr. Delaval's extraordinary emotion had softened his feelings.—"Had you fulfilled your promise of visiting me this morning, you would have seen such proofs of my right and title, to all that I aspire to, as must have secured me from the insult you have

offered me, and which you do not seem inclined to disown."

Mr. Delaval now spoke with rapidity and agitation.—"I want no proofs, no evidences, to convince me, that every word of Lord St. Maurice's letter to me, and which is a summary of his life since his exile, is truth itself. I knew his disposition, I knew his candour, and I see it reflected in yourself. I know the authenticity of every thing you say and wish to prove; and yet, acknowledging all this, and above all men desiring that it should be established, I am compelled, Heaven knows how reluctantly, to wound your youthful heart, to blast your brilliant prospects, and level all your splendid expectations with the dust!—and to avoid this odious task, I strove to avoid you, hoping some other might perform it."

Mr. Delaval perceived a revulsion of no common nature in the aspect of his young friend, who now began to sus-

pect, however improbable, that disappointment awaited him, and he felt called on to sustain it with becoming strength. Summoning all his firmness, he said, steadily, "Pray, Sir, proceed. I trust I am prepared for any reverse that may threaten me.—I am grieved to see you so much agitated."

Mr. Delaval resumed—"My dear friend, the late Lord St. Maurice was not in a state of mind which could admit of his thinking deeply on subjects of business when he quitted England: he deposited all the documents which he imagined requisite to give his worthless wife her liberty, in legal hands. But he was little acquainted with the law. The proceedings could not be carried on without more circumstantial evidence, and a different mode of application on his part, and the suit was never pressed from any other quarter; in short, the divorce could not, nor ever *did*, take place, and Lady St. Maurice still lives to bear that title."

A long silence succeeded to this important, this fatally important, communication :—the consequences, the long train of inevitable deplorable consequences, were self-evident. Lord St. Maurice had never been divorced from his first wife,—he, therefore, during her life-time, could have no other in the eye of the law ; his subsequent connection would be pronounced illicit, and its offspring illegitimate.

Justinian's countenance was no longer variable ; it was very pale but not agitated ; he felt that he must endure bitter disappointment, and he did it with manliness, and a dignified deportment, which augmented his intrinsic importance, at the very moment that he was deprived of all that could give him consequence and consideration in the estimation of the world.

He was hurled from a distinguished altitude to the region of disgrace and contumely : instead of being a patron of the less fortunate, he was become a

thing for the finger of scorn to point at, a victim to the laws; a being without a name. Mr. Delaval broke the awful silence by observing, that all possible measures had been resorted to, in order to obtain information respecting Lord St. Maurice, and to discover the place of his retirement; but his lordship's precautions, to prevent the success of such inquiries, had been too effectual, and had kept him ignorant of all that it had concerned him so deeply to know.

"I sincerely rejoice," said Justinian, "that he remained unacquainted with circumstances that could only have augmented his unhappiness,—for to have been apprized of them *after* his marriage with my mother, for *such* I must term it," continued he, a blush dying his cheeks, "would have made him truly miserable."

After another considerable pause, Justinian resumed.—"How have my petulance and empty importance ex-

posed me on this occasion, and how deeply am I indebted to you Mr. Delaval for the kind reluctance you so feelingly betrayed to lower my groundless pride."

"My dear young friend," cried Mr. Delaval, extending a warm and faithful hand to him.—I cannot help thinking, from the little I have already seen of you, that you have much higher claims to distinction than any which the malice of fortune has deprived you of." Justinian grasped the proffered hand, and after another silence of some length he observed,—

"The estates and property attached to the title of St. Maurice, of course, accompany it; you doubtless can inform me to whom they have descended." At this question, all Mr. Delaval's uneasiness returned, he even looked more distressed than he had before appeared; and after attempting to speak several times, he started up and walked about the room, and at

length exclaimed—"Oh! it is the most grievous, the most cruel case."

"Pray explain," cried Justinian, "do not fear to distress me further. It can be of little moment to me."

"It is a wretched business altogether," impatiently ejaculated Mr. Delaval, and as he again seated himself, he added, gloomily—"Lady St. Mauriec had a son."—"Lady St. Mauriec!" echoed Justinian, starting violently, "I thought she had miscarried."

"So it was *reported*, and I myself was the person who told your father, that such was the case. I saw that the theme was eternally harrowing his mind, and I hoped to relieve him; but I myself had been misinformed, for a few months afterwards the child was born who now is known as Lord St. Maurice."

"How!" exclaimed Justinian, starting up and striking his hand on his forehead in uncontrollable emotion,

“ the son of the monster Fitzgerald! is he the heir of that insulted outraged victim, whom——” Justinian could not proceed. Mr. Delaval replied, with a deep sigh,—“ It is, indeed, too generally believed that this young man is the issue of that most infamous connection!”

“ And how do the laws admit of such a succession?” asked Justinian.

“ Your father’s marriage with Lady St. Maurice never having been annulled, and this child being born while she continued in a state of lawful wedlock, becomes in consequence the legal heir of her husband, however equivocal may be the circumstances that gave him birth.”

“ Oh!” cried Justinian, as he continued to traverse the apartment in extreme disorder, “ This is the deepest cut of all! this, indeed, is the poignant misery.”

Mr. Delaval sat with his hand supporting his head under great uneasi-

ness; he was possessed of acute sensibility; and from the moment he had been aware of the situation in which Justinian stood, and beheld in full force the aggravated disappointment that awaited him, he experienced the most lively commiseration for a youth so promising, so interesting, and so unfortunate. Mr. Delaval had wanted courage to hurl upon Justinian the sum of evil that was prepared for him, and he had delayed the disclosure, which he felt incapable of making; and then he had sent the letter with a direction calculated to give a preparatory alarm. He had been entirely misled by the paragraph in Mr. Smith's letter, and also by the only one Ontario had written to him during his exile, concerning the successor to the title alluded to, as Justinian Lansdowne; for Lady St. Maurice had named her son Justinian, (as she had agreed on with her lord in their happier days,) and to him Mr. Delaval believed these letters referred.

He concluded that Lord St. Maurice, by means unknown to him, had obtained information of the birth of this child, and perhaps from a persuasion that it was his own, had chosen to acknowledge him as his heir. Thus Mr. Delaval had expected a visit from the actual Lord St. Maurice, which he was led still more to look for from a correspondence he had had with that nobleman since he had assumed the title. He had never seen him; therefore when Justinian was announced, he fully believed him to be the son of Lady St. Maurice, not paying much attention to his having sent up his name instead of his title, as by either he was equally known to Mr. Delaval, who no sooner read the letter Justinian left with him than he was thrown into a state of the utmost consternation. These circumstances he now explained to Justinian, hoping to arouse him from the deep dejection that seemed suddenly to overpower him.

He had borne his own downfall with steadiness and courage, but that the brand of his father's honour should be elevated upon his disgrace, that the offspring of his dishonour should be the inheritor of his honours,—oh ! it was galling,—it was bitter, past endurance!

To Mr. Delaval's explanation of what had appeared unaccountable at their first interview, Justinian replied, in a tone of poignant susceptibility,—
 “ And the warm welcome with which you greeted me was intended for the son of Colonel Fitzgerald ! ”

“ No,”—returned Mr. Delaval,—
 “ though I should have endeavoured to receive him with complacency, as he cannot be implicated in the crime of his parents; but the moment I beheld you, supposing you to be him, I was convinced the world was wrong, and that whatever might have been Lady St. Maurice's subsequent guilt, you were certainly the son of my

friend, and your striking resemblance to him strongly impressed me in your favour."

"I am very much to blame, very wrong indeed!" cried Justinian, endeavouring to recover himself, "very wrong, in casting any reflection on the present Lord St. Maurice; he may be, and I dare say is, a very estimable character; he is not, as you observe, to be censured for the crimes of his parents."

Finding that he could not cast from his features the contraction caused by mental pain, nor shake from his deportment the evident expressions of grief and disappointment, Justinian rose to depart. Mr. Delaval now warmly pressed on him the offers of his friendship and hospitality which Justinian gratefully promised to avail himself of, on some future occasion.

CHAPTER XI.

As Justinian sat alone, after a solitary meal, gazing on the fire and ruminating on the reverse in his fate, he endeavoured to retracc his feelings previous to this revolution, and, by a strict analysis, to discover if any latent corruption of his nature had merited the check he had received. He doubted not that much remained to be corrected ; but, after a very strict scrutiny and impartial examination, he could recollect no sensation of arrogance, vanity, or self-consequence that had attended his transient prosperity, save a flush of pleasure he had experienced the first time he had been addressed by the title of My Lord, and a silly pride which had the day before operated to prevent his going to Mr. Delaval's in a hackney coach, which

he had proposed to do owing to his ignorance of the way, but in consideration of his *dignity* had thought it less unbecoming to walk under the conduct of a guide. These two instances were very trifling, very natural, and very pardonable at his age; yet Justinian, as he recalled them, questioned if they did not betray seeds of such failings as, by opulence and adulation, might have been nurtured to a destructive growth. But he was severe on himself; for the plans and anticipations he had encouraged, while believing their foundation secure, would have acquitted him in all eyes but his own. He remembered how many nights he had lain awake forming schemes for the future; and what were their prevailing features? what were their objects? Certainly not his own individual advantage, or selfish gratification; not the display of splendour, extravagant indulgences, or the lavishing of vast sums of money on pleasures,

luxuries, or amusements. He had always contemplated himself in idea at one of his country seats, the patron and benefactor of worth, genius, and talent wherever he could find it, largely diffusing his means of blessing others; while in the smaller circle of his own chosen friends and companions, he beheld only persons whose hearts and minds were of the first order. Those, whether of the lineage of the prince or the humble offspring of the peasant, were alike welcome, and equally important in his consideration. For, though the order of society requires that certain ranks and gradations should be preserved, and due respect be paid to each, as custom and propriety have established, the unvitiated heart acknowledges no distinctions but such as arise from intrinsic worth and brilliant abilities. The *best* and the *wisest* were the *greatest* in Justinian's estimation; the accidental advantages of birth, rank, or riches, he knew made

not the man, however they might afford the means of making him what he ought to be ; and he also knew that they were too frequently neglected. But to seek out natural genius, to direct it aright, to afford it the opportunity of improvement, to bring it forth from the shade of poverty and neglect, where, already kindled by the strength of intellect or talent, it strove to force its way through every disadvantage—to elevate it to its right place, to raise the indigent, to comfort the afflicted ; these were the darling visions of Justinian's exaltation. Then, as his bosom friend, he would receive the pastor of his parish, who should be every thing that he considered essential in that important character. He had heard that churches were not sufficiently numerous in England ; he would build one, endow it, and give it to a being after his own heart. He would sometimes travel, not merely to gratify curiosity, not so much to explore new scenes, as to

ascertain the state of their inhabitants. In short, a more perfect scheme of christian philanthropy could scarcely have been imagined by man ; nor, when we consider the nature of his education, the formation of his mind, and the influences which held imperative dominion there, can we wonder that such should be his speculations, rather than, what most young men would think more natural, the exulting anticipation of keeping the best race-horses in Europe, a pack of hounds at every estate ; what varieties of carriages—what horses to run in them—what billiard tables—what faro table under his own roof—what feasting—what wines—what revels—what equestrians—what pedestrians—what pugilists—what bets—what glorious achievements on the turf—what splendid immortality to be gained by being the patron of jockies and boxers, and the encouragers of supernatural efforts of animal strength for——no purpose

whatsoever. Yet mortification and self-denial, regarding the comforts, conveniences, and even elegancies of life, had formed no part of Justinian's scheme; he had intended to live conformably with his rank, though he had never thought of any of these wonderful sources of delight. He certainly meant to have kept horses and carriages, but these subjects had not engrossed any part of his mind by anticipation. We allow that he did think of having one particular favorite horse, which he was never to part with; but *that* had not often recurred. The chief and leading object in his domestic arrangements was one, regarding which he had been extremely sollicitous, and had experienced many doubts and apprehensions. It was the essential concomitant to domestic happiness—an amiable wife—who could partake in all his feelings, and assist all his views; and this he really thought would be a most difficult attainment. He had seen

very few women above the lower order, and never one that in the least degree resembled what he should have wished for in a wife. When he thought of a woman of fashion, Lady Caroline Sherwood never failed to present herself with her *devout* mamma; and when he thought of *unsophisticated* charms, his mother as promptly came forward, and each was equally removed from that description of character he should require in a companion for life.

But all these visions were now passed away, and Justinian only recalled them, to question if they partook of aught for which he could reproach himself: they left him without the slightest sense of remorse, and brought him again to the actual moment of pain, but pain without reproach, and therefore infinitely softened. “ Could my father see me *now!* ” thought Justinian—“ but would that be compatible with his state of felicity? Oh! yes, for *he* sees far beyond this moment; he knows what these

events are leading to—he beholds them only as the intermediate, necessary steps towards some happy consummation.”

Great was the consolation conveyed in this idea. Justinian felt suddenly comforted, and his heart was renovated by hope, founded on his entire confidence in providence, and his perfect persuasion that “all worked together for good.”

He looked towards the future with calmness, and meditated on the new plans it was necessary he should form. To return to America was out of the question; the thought was insupportable to him, but in the review of his late pleasing dreams, he beheld one figure with which he now delighted to identify himself—though he had then fixed it on another—It was the servant of heaven—a minister of the church.

He had ever thought with pleasure and veneration of that profession, and he now determined to embrace it. “But

how," he recollected with a deep sigh, "how was he to prosecute his design?" To study closely and indefatigably for the next three or four years at one of the universities, which he considered as the fountain of religious instruction, he imagined indispensable, and he felt that he required the knowledge to be so attained, notwithstanding all that he already knew, before he could presume to offer himself as the instructor of others, on so grand a theme as that which it was his ambition to maintain according to the principles in which he had been educated. To accomplish this preparatory initiation, considerable expense must be incurred, and had he a guinea in the world which he could call his own? Might he not be accountable to the heir of St. Maurice for all that he had expended since his father's demise? This was indeed very questionable, for besides the landed property which must go from him, Justinian apprehended that the similarity

of name, which confounded him with the present Lord St. Maurice, would also deprive him of any personal property which his father in his will might have bequeathed to him. He had therefore nothing to depend on as a certainty, and might be called on to refund all that his mother and himself were now appropriating to their use, and thus embarrassments would multiply, without the means of extricating himself from them.

What a prospect?—even without the aggravation given it by a comparison with that which had so lately dazzled his imagination !

It was indeed gloomy, but Justinian contemplated it without despair—while all his mental energy was exerted to devise a practicable scheme for the future, and to overcome the difficulties that environed him.

CHAPTER XII.

HE passed a sleepless night, and rose still unable to determine on any thing but his immediate removal from the very expensive situation which he was then in. Deeply impressed with the friendliness and sensibility of Mr. Delaval, he hoped to be guided by his advice respecting the path he should pursue, and he felt a gleam of pleasure when, soon after breakfast, that gentleman was announced.

After a most cordial meeting, Mr. Delaval said, as he seated himself—"I could not sleep last night for thinking of you—I have been pondering incessantly on your future prospects, and considering how I might be serviceable to you."

Justinian expressed his gratitude, when Mr. Delaval continued—"It is not in my power to confer an obligation

on you, for all, and much more than all which I can do, I owe to the offspring of your father as a debt to him—but tell me, which way do your inclinations lean ? ”

Justinian frankly owned his predilection for the church, but added his conviction that it could not be gratified, and that he must therefore conform his wishes to whatever path was open to him. Mr. Delaval replied—

“ *That* which you prefer is not entirely closed against you, but I have no interest to forward your advancement in a profession too often embraced as a provision, by those whose powerful friends secure to them its chief advantages.”

“ Its chief *worldly* advantages,”—Justinian repeated in an under tone. Mr. Delaval now informed him, that if he would venture to repair to an university with only a small annual income to depend upon, his wishes might be gratified.

The late Lord St. Maurice, had at a

time when Mr. Delaval was much embarrassed, owing to the apprehended failure of a great speculation which had afterwards turned out favourably, accommodated him with the loan of three thousand pounds, which his lordship would never allow him to repay, but had subsequently insisted on its being appropriated to setting out in the world a younger son of Mr. Delaval, called after Lord St. Maurice, who had since died. These three thousand pounds, Mr. Delaval now declared his unalterable resolution of repaying to Justinian as it had been his intention to restore the sum to its just possessor, ever since his own affluence had rendered it superfluous. Justinian was almost overpowered by Mr. Delaval's honest warmth, but with that true greatness of mind, which knows as well how to accept, as to bestow, he yielded to Mr. Delaval's representations, nor affected scruples which he did not feel. He was conscious that he himself would have acted

precisely as Mr. Delaval had now done had he been in the same situation, and he would not offend that good friend, by supposing he would have been content in doing less. Mr. Delaval did not design to limit his good intentions towards Justinian, to this point—but, yet a stranger to his disposition, he would not encourage him to over-step prudence, by promising the assistance which he intended to afford him; should he require it. He told him that he thought he could procure him a situation in an office under government, where he would immediately receive a salary, and rise progressively to eminence: but this offer, Justinian rejected without a second thought, being persuaded that the application necessary in such employments, would entirely engross his time, and supersede his most favourite studies. He declared his conviction that he could contract his expenses to the strictest economy, and should find no difficulty in main-

maintaining himself upon the income proffered to him by Mr. Delaval till fortune should prove more favourable. His only wish now was, and he expressed it with a contented and animated aspect, to enter as soon as possible on the course of studies, which he trusted might be the means of leading him through all apparent obstacles, to the end desired. He did not wish for wealth, nor the distinction to be gained by it; he only wanted competency, and the opportunity of performing the duties of an office which he doubted not he should ultimately obtain.

Mr. Delaval was delighted with his genuine ardour and the cheerfulness of his demeanor, under a reverse, which he had apprehended would have sunk his spirits to the lowest ebb, and left him disgusted with life and every future scene it promised. He pressed him to become his guest; an invitation which Justinian gratefully accepted

for the time that should intervene before he repaired to college.

In the course of a very long conversation on the subjects that most deeply concerned his interest, Justinian learnt some particulars relative to the authors of his ill-fortune. Shortly after the downfall of Lady St. Mauriec, it became apparent to the world that Colonel Fitzgerald had no intention, even had the operations of the law permitted him, of engaging her ladyship in a second matrimonial connection; as his speculations of that nature had led him to attach himself to a wealthy heiress who was become essential to his broken fortune, and whom he soon after espoused, but was now once more at liberty.

Lady St. Mauriec remained in seclusion under her adopted name, till her son was about five years old, when she removed her residence to a remote part of Scotland, and living still in retirement, assumed her own title, and passed as a widow to the few who had an op-

portunity of beholding her. This measure she had adopted on account of her son, who, she knew must be the future Lord St. Maurice, and who she intended should be educated suitably to his expectations. She told him that his father had gone abroad for his own gratification, and had undoubtedly perished, as no tidings had ever been learnt of him, but that his title could not be assumed by his successor till many more years had elapsed, or some authentic account relative to his demise should be obtained.

Grief for his loss she alleged to be the cause of her voluntarily living in retirement. She flattered herself, that as her disgrace had never been brought forward in a legal form, it might be little known at a future day, when time should have clouded it by oblivion in the minds of many, and death removed others to whom it had been familiar. Thus a period might come, when, under the auspices of her son, she might dare to emerge from total seclusion.

In the meantime, she was indefatigable in her efforts, by indirect means, to obtain intelligence of her injured husband, from whose extreme indulgence and tenderness, she thought it not impossible that she might extort forgiveness, and even a restoration to his favour. His invaluable worth, and her irreparable loss, every day, every moment of her existence, only rendered more vivid to her feelings. Such a deprivation, without the aggravation of having incurred it by her own guilt, would have been scarcely endurable, and as it was the weight of despair, often threatened her reason. Her days were one extended scene of querulous misery, poignant self-reproach, and incessant discontent. Her slumbers, broken with bursts of sorrow, and groans of agony, were resigned with the sigh of hopeless anguish, that spoke no peace but in forgetfulness, no prospect of enjoyment from the coming day. It has been said, that

“ tears may wash out sin, though they can never wash out shame ;” but, oh ! what an ocean would the expiation of *such* a crime demand ? A life of penitential sorrow, could alone give ground to hope, that on the verge of eternity, the brightest beam of most indulgent mercy might eclipse so foul a deed. — This wretched woman’s mind had never loved Fitz Gerald, such an object was incapable of inspiring a mental attachment ; all her better feelings had been her husband’s, spite of her vanity, her folly, and her guilt ; and they now all rallied on his side, and left her without a shadow of consolation for his loss, thus doubly sharpened by the deprivation of all that she had considered valuable in life. She was debarred the society of her son, excepting in the vacations, and then, she could not be said to enjoy his company, so little was her spirit attuned to satisfaction ; and while he was unable to afford her pleasure, she ren-

dered him perfectly miserable by her captiousness, gloom, and perpetual repining. She had never ceased to correspond with Mr. Delaval, through whom she received her income arising from her settlement, which was sufficient to render her still affluent, and to whom she was continually appealing, in the hope of hearing something concerning her victim, whose death she at length was informed of.

It was owing to this intercourse that Mr. Delaval was acquainted with much that related to lady St. Maurice, and which he imparted to Justinian, who felt an interest in the communication arising rather from curiosity than solicitude. He promised to join Mr. Delaval's family party by dinner time, when, he was informed, he might expect to meet the wife and daughters of his friend.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUSTINIAN began to feel an affection for Mr. Delaval, and to rejoice in the anticipation of his society, and he prepared with alacrity for his removal to Portland place. Unused to the company of polished women, he felt a little anxiety respecting the females of the family, but it was not an unpleasant emotion. The *eleve* and constant companion of the refined, accomplished Ontario, was not an unmeet associate for the gentle sex, and had judgment sufficient to conform himself to the circle around him, and also to convince him, that the themes familiar to men of sense, taste, and delicacy, were equally appropriate to enlightened females. Under this impression, he was presented to Mrs. Delaval and her daughters, without any awkward em-

barrassment, and met their advances to conversation without reserve. Though at first rather taciturn, from the idea that his peculiar circumstances were known to the party present, their encouraging affability, and manners congenial to his taste, soon made him feel that he was among those of a kindred nature; before the first evening was over, he felt quite assimilated to them, and three days placed him on the footing of an intimate friend. Having thus described the influence of their demeanour upon Justinian, we need only sketch the characters of Mrs. Delaval and her two daughters, by observing, that they were all that they appeared to be, amiable, warm-hearted, hospitable; partaking in the lively sensibility that distinguished Mr. Delaval, which, with all his other good qualities, seemed infused through his whole family. His daughters were handsome and accomplished, the co-heiresses of his wealth, yet they were

unaffected and unassuming, and formed the happiness of their parents, whose affections now centered in them. They had lost two sons in the service of their country, but time had now softened those calamities, and a cheerful spirit animated the group, in which Mrs. Delaval appeared to no less advantage than her amiable partner. Justinian was delighted with them all, and knew not which to prefer; both sisters were equally charming in his eyes, and as far as he could judge, on so short an acquaintance, all that ladies ought to be, and the balance of admiration was suspended between them. But in the course of a short time, they themselves decided on which side it should preponderate; for Letitia the eldest, was always kind, and even affectionate towards him, but it was very evident that she could think of many other subjects, and pay attention to many other people, and experience a deeper interest than he ex-

cited; while Laura devoted *all* her time and thoughts to promoting his gratification, and flattered him by a preference which he could not withstand. She might boast of having awakned in his bosom the first symptom of the tenderest emotion. It caused him a deeper sigh than he had yet heaved for the loss of that rank and wealth which would have authorized him to aspire to her, but without which no thought of success ever entered his imagination, and hopeless love rarely attains a dangerous strength. Situated as Justinian was, with a susceptible and tender heart, such a result was naturally to be expected, and while it gave double zest to every scene which he mingled in, with the object who excited it, yet we must own that it was not of a character deeply to affect his happiness. If Mr. or Mrs. Delaval made any observations on the occasion, they did not express them; nor could any kindness exceed that which

they uniformly manifested towards him. He joined in all the society they partook of, and visited with them the principal public places. Novelty at first secured to him entertainment, but a repetition of the same scenes soon wearied him, and he speedily discovered that it was those he took with him that formed the great charm of the circle, which, without them, would have been to him insipid. But, amidst all the objects so calculated to engage his imagination, he had not for a moment lost sight of his meditated design, and had taken preparatory steps for his admission at the university which he had chosen, whether it was Oxford or Cambridge, we shall not particularise, as all that is necessary to our purpose is equally apparent in each. By the recommendation of Mr. Delaval he was to enter at a college, the seniors of which were known to that gentleman, and Justinian really felt impatient to be there. For notwith-

standing the advantages and charms of his present situation, he was desirous of leaving it, because he feared that the grounds on which it was so peculiarly agreeable to him were not quite justifiable. Free from vanity, and painfully alive to the objectionable nature of his own circumstances, he tried to persuade himself, that Laura could not be attached to him, and that the attention by which she distinguished him, arose only from the gentle compassion of her disposition. Still he was conscious, that she had excited a predilection in his breast, which it was his duty to combat; and therefore to depart immediately, was the most proper step he could adopt; and resisting the urgent importunities of his friends, he took his final resolution. In the course of a long conversation with Mr. Delaval on the eve of his journey, Justinian requested him to acquaint Lord St. Maurice with what it was proper he should know, respecting the property

in America, which it was possible he might be entitled to, and also that there was a will which might interest both parties. The painful task of writing to his mother, and informing her in the most qualifying terms of their misfortunes, he had performed; but the season rendered it probable that some months would elapse before his letter reached its destination.

Justinian's cheerful spirit sunk for a few hours on his separation from his friends, who had extorted from him a promise of spending a short time with them every vacation, though he declined continuing their guest the whole of that period; but he met Mr. Delaval's parental kindness with the liveliest gratitude, and promised in compliance with his injunction, to consider Portland Place as his home.

CHAPTER XIV.

As Justinian advanced towards the emporium of learning and science, as he considered it, the fostering parent of pure unadulterated religion, his dejection vanished, and all those enthusiastic feelings, natural to a young, ardent, and highly cultivated mind, glowed in his breast.

He had heard enough of the scene he was now entering on, to expect sometimes to witness irregularities, which, where such a mass of youth was concentrated, might be scarcely avoidable; but he believed that in the general cast of the place, the character of the society, the tone of the conversations, he should perceive a peculiar solidity, and that in the habitual deportment of the majority of the collegians he should witness an obvious

demonstration of the great advantages they could command. But the first days of his residence at the University were destined to undeceive him in this respect, and the fruits of his observations were much astonishment, deep regret, and complete disappointment, as far as related to *generalities*.

He saw no imposing evidence of sanctity in any thing that he beheld, no respectful deference shewn to the destined ministers of religion, no peculiar circumspection exacted from them, and it was only by inquiry that the profession for which they were intended could be discovered.

On his first initiation into the habits of his College, or rather of his brother Collegians, and on becoming associated with a few, who made advances towards his acquaintance, he supposed that he had accidentally fallen into a circle, no member of which was destined for the Church, and he doubted not that he should find those who entertained such

important views, forming a distinct society, pursuing peculiar and appropriate studies, and devoting themselves exclusively to the acquirement of such knowledge as was indispensable in the guides, the instructors, the patterns of others; and he, with great simplicity, inquired for the class to which he was desirous of attaching himself. His question only excited the mirth of his companions, among whom he found several individuals whose intentions were similar to his own, but whose motives for following the line he intended to pursue were as different as light and darkness.

In short, Justinian soon found that the excellent rules of that venerable institution, (as perfect, perhaps, as human code could be,) were in many respects unavailing, either from the manner in which they were nominally enforced, or from the ingenuity with which they were evaded.

Yet all that could tend to make man

what he ought to be was *offered*, if not *urged* upon him, and after a little experience, Justinian had no hesitation in taking his part. He withdrew wholly from the society of the thoughtless and the dissipated, and devoted his time so resolutely to the pursuit of professional knowledge, that he had little leisure for the recreation which society afforded, though it was not denied him, when he *could* permit himself the indulgence. From among what might be termed, that corruption of Civilization, many, *many* could be found, who, though unable to stem the torrent of popular abuse, yet impeded it by their steady opposition and faultless example. In communion with such persons Justinian experienced the highest enjoyment, and derived from it the greatest advantage. Under influences so beneficial his unfavorable impression of the scene, as it had first struck him, decreased very sensibly, and gave way still more under the conviction of the

great assistance to learning furnished by the access to literary treasures innumerable, a library without bounds, and instructors of the first class, in every branch of attainment.

A life of study presents little novelty to the outward view, though abounding in endless variety in its internal operations: the first year of Justinian's residence at the University would be monotonous in detail; let us, therefore, behold him at his termination, with a high character for genius, application, and respectability. He had twice visited Mr. Delaval, but always under a self vigilance so scrupulous, that he was free from blame, though encouraged to be less guarded. Thus called on to try his strength in the exercise of rigid subjection, he was sufficiently successful to restrain his predilection from gaining ascendancy, so that Laura's image seldom accompanied him more than *half* the road to the University, and never inter-

rupted his studies when there. One perplexity had occurred during the year—information had been received of the sudden death of Mr. Smith, which had taken place soon after Justinian's departure from America. Great confusion had ensued, and no interference with his papers was permitted till his affairs should be finally arranged, and thus the will of Lord St. Maurice was still withheld from those whom it concerned so deeply. Justinian had also heard once from his mother, who wrote in a strain little short of despair, excited more by the effects of her marriage than even the downfall of her dignity. He wrote to offer her an asylum with him, if she could endure poverty, and practise the strictest economy. By the closest conformity to the latter, he had contrived to circumscribe his expenses within the limits of the income he received from Mr. Delaval; the sum of five hundred pounds he had brought with him

from America, he had (with the exception of about fifty expended on his first arrival in England) deposited in the stocks, where he left it to accumulate under the apprehension that he might be called on to refund it. Mr. Delaval had informed him of Lord St. Maurice's return to England, and that an interview had taken place between them, on which occasion it had been determined that all final arrangements should be suspended until the will of the late Lord should appear. Mr. Delaval was reluctant to speak of this young man to Justinian, from a dread of inflicting mortification on the latter; and in reply to his inquiries, he had only said, that he knew little of Lord St. Maurice excepting from his mother, whose account of him was not likely to be impartial. He had received his education at Edinburgh, and had been abroad since he had attained the age of manhood. He was now twenty-six, not quite three years older than our Justinian.

CHAPTER XV.

THE two ensuing years elapsed, still raising Justinian's character above the reputation it had already attained for genius, application, and respectability, to brilliant talent, strength of mind, and perseverance. But time had not passed without bringing on its wing some shade of sorrow. He had, during that period, mourned with sincerity an event which left him parentless. His mother had expired in giving birth to an infant which had shared her fate. This catastrophe Justinian only learnt through a compassionate person, wholly unconnected with her, but who happened to be near her in her last moments, and had kindly attended on her, and forwarded to him the intelligence of her death, with an account also of her husband's conduct. He had sold

all the little property that Ontario had possessed in that part of the world, and disappeared with the amount of it, having some time before been dismissed from his regiment. In addition to these painful circumstances, further perplexity had arisen, regarding Mr. Smith's papers, which in possession of his family had been embarked for England, but had never arrived, nor had the vessel they sailed in been heard of. No doubt remained that she was either lost, or taken by the enemy, then hostile to her nation, and in either case, Justinian could entertain no hope of ever recovering the important document, and he resigned all expectations from that quarter. Under these circumstances, he was more than ever thrown upon his own resources, and while they charmed away many painful ideas, they rendered it probable that he might ultimately frustrate the malignity of fortune.

Hitherto his most intimate associates

had been men of superior years to himself, whose extraordinary acquirements, and matured abilities, rendered them the most desirable companions he could select ; yet he could not feel that perfect sympathy with them on subjects that affected the feelings, which often exists between persons of more equal years—but about that time a new character was presented to his acquaintance, who excited in him no common interest. A young man, called Clarendon, entered himself at the college, of which Justinian was a member, and attracted observation by the gloom that hung on his features, and the peculiarity of his manners. He was seldom seen with any one, and lived entirely alone ; but when he was constrained to join the other collegians, he would sometimes be surprised by an exciting subject into an expression of his sentiments, when his sudden vivacity, the energy of his declamation, and the ingenuity with which he endeavoured

to prove himself right, though he was not always so in reality, excited a favourable opinion of his natural genius. Justinian strongly desired to know more of him, and was not to be repelled by the moodiness with which he generally received every advance towards particular intercourse. Lansdowne was certain, whenever the opportunity occurred, to find himself near Clarendon, regarding him with that conciliating aspect which invites speech. Neither did Clarendon retire on these occasions, but met the eyes of Justinian with a reciprocal expression, which convinced him, that however averse he might be to general familiarity, he was as susceptible as himself of individual prepossession. The ready thought soon found utterance, and it seemed as if all that Clarendon had reserved from others he was eager to expend upon Justinian.—He was wild, brilliant, but unequal in his conversation, which was often

broken by sudden fits of languor and gloom, and all at once he would seem lost in the most uneasy cogitations. If Justinian roused him from them, he would reply with gentleness; but if any other person dared to intrude at such times, they were repelled with an impatient irritability, little short of rudeness. His aversions were as strong as his predilections, and much more extensive, for while he confined his partiality to Justinian, his antipathies were pretty general. Justinian considered him as one of those persons who always select a favourite whom they deify in their own conception, while they have not common charity towards any one else; as if hearts were only capable of admitting one attachment, which must prevent the exercise of every philanthropic sentiment towards others. He found Clarendon to be a man of good education, though not very deeply learned, having more a taste for elegant than deep studies. To Justinian he

confessed, though to others he did not choose to give any account of himself, that he had been bred to high expectations, the disappointment of which, had led him to embrace a course of college studies, preparatory to a professional life. But which way his inclinations tended, did not appear; indeed, Justinian feared that he was too versatile to apply steadily to one particular object, being strongly averse to submitting to rules, or anything like controul. He never conformed to a single regulation of the college that he could possibly evade without discredit, and that, not because he was desirous of doing any thing in opposition to it, but from his abhorrence to coercion.—Justinian could never discover *which* were his hours of study, unless he pursued his meditations in the fields; for the time that Lansdowne devoted to application, Clarendon spent in wandering about the country, but was generally at his friend's door, as soon as

he knew that he should be admitted. And where was the charm of such a companion to Justinian,—where was their sympathy? It existed in a high degree, notwithstanding their apparent dissimilarity. Each had the same greatness of soul, each had the same admiration of every thing that was good and wise. Each had a feminine softness of heart, with masculine self-command to temper it,—the same lively appreciation of genius, or talent, the same delight in relieving distress.

These high qualifications beamed in Justinian with bright, steady, and unvarying lustre; in his friend they flashed and glittered, when strongly excited, but were not always equally apparent. Nature had endowed them alike with these propensities, but education had varied their result; with the one they were become principles; in the other they were only feelings. Could Justinian's heart of flesh have been converted into one of stone, he

would still have acted right ; because he had a higher guide than the fluctuating influence of that susceptible source ; whether Clarendon, under the same transition, could have been equally depended on, was very questionable, and therefore it was fortunate that his inclinations generally leaned the right way. Sometimes, indeed, they carried him to high flights of magnanimity ; but at others they left him far short of justice and impartiality. Justinian found that he had thought little upon religious subjects, or rather to little purpose ; but he liked to hear his friend discuss them, and led him to hope, by the interest which he betrayed, that a deep impression would ultimately be admitted.

He was no stranger to Justinian's story, nor indeed was any one who thought it worth their while to inquire about him. Despising unnecessary mystery, and knowing that every man must give some account of himself to

society, and that wherever a stranger appears, his origin, his circumstances, and his views never failed to be canvassed, he had requested Mr. Delaval to mention, in his recommendatory letters, the heads of his history, and the peculiar circumstances which, without any crime on the part of his parents, had cast a stain upon his birth. Justinian wished not to appear any thing more than he was ; he trusted to himself for establishing his own character. But though he practised no unnecessary reserve, he never entered on the subject of his own affairs unless strongly pressed upon that point ; and no one had temerity enough to attempt to start it, excepting his friend Clarendon, whose ardent spirit seemed caught by the romantic features of Justinian's story. He was happy if he could only get him to talk of his father, and that was to Justinian such an indulgence, that he was equally eager to dwell on the theme.

Respecting Clarendon's source of unhappiness, Justinian was totally ignorant ; but he was inclined to impute it either to the disappointment of a tender passion, or some perplexity connected with an affair of the heart : but he never attempted to penetrate it ; for though experiencing a natural and proper degree of curiosity, he had no mean inquisitiveness in his disposition, and would have scorned, even by an indirect question, to seek an inlet to a secret designedly withheld from him. He always observed, on Clarendon's first appearing, that he was gloomy, silent, and abstracted, and at times his countenance would assume an expression of perfect despondency ; but by degrees he would yield to Justinian's attempts to withdraw him from the contemplation of his sorrows, and the conversation would assume a cast very different to what might have been expected from its commencement. Clarendon would sometimes discover bursts

of vivacity, which displayed him in a new light, though they were often succeeded by sudden seriousness and a profound sigh; but temporary cheerfulness would again brighten his features, and Justinian found him in those moods a most charming companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

TIME passed and cemented the intimacy of these young men to strong and ardent friendship. This sentiment, experienced with such sincerity by Justinian, augmented the pain with which he observed that his friend's unhappiness did not decrease. He was made still more uneasy by a report circulated among the collegians, that Clarendon had some connection in the neighbourhood, to whom much of his time was devoted, at those periods when he was supposed to be wandering about the country. As he had lodgings out of the college, he might have imagined himself sheltered from observation; but there were those who thought it worth while to watch him, in a scene where scandal was often very busy. Justinian could not

bear to suspect his friend, and yet by comparing some trifling circumstances he was most reluctantly constrained to lean towards mistrust. From that time he lost no opportunity of expressing his sentiments in regard to the moral character of man, and the unavoidable restrictions, which one, pretending to any degree of sound religion, must submit to. He not unfrequently observed, that he had never been able to discover any justifiable cause for the mind of man being less pure than that of woman; and, indeed, in those who pretended to boast a superior degree of mental strength, self-correction might more naturally be expected, and would prove a task comparatively easy.

When first Clarendon listened to these sentiments from his friend, he looked as if he had heard a language which had never before met his ear, and was so foreign to it as to be scarcely comprehensible; and he began a hacknied strain of argument, which

he imagined unanswerable. He was, therefore, much surprised to find himself very speedily at a loss, while every sentiment that Justinian advanced was so forcible, so deeply grounded, as to confute the wildest turns of sophistry ; and Clarendon could only say, “ But you are naturally good ! you feel no inclination to do wrong, and therefore it is an easy task for you to do right.”

Justinian shook his head, and returned, “ I frankly acknowledge to you, that so far from possessing this natural purity, which, by the way, I believe to be quite a FABULOUS quality, so strong have been my inclinations to do wrong, that I am confident no moral law could have restrained me ; no, nor law of man—I should fearlessly have braved both, rather than have submitted to the irksome subjugation of my strongest propensities. What could man have given me in atonement of the mortification I endured ? His resentment could excite no apprehension

in my breast; I owed him nothing, I expected nothing from him, that could be compared; with the pleasure I resigned; and why, to please him, should I punish myself? Besides, he might be imposed upon; I might live with a fair character, be cherished, and encouraged by society, and derive all the benefits of popular applause, with a very moderate portion of art on my side, while I secretly indulged myself in my favourite vices. In short nothing but a sense of being an accountable creature to the Author of life; a persuasion of his omnipresence, his omniscience, his power to reward or punish, his incalculable claim to gratitude and subservience, his abhorrence of guilt, could withhold me from sin. The sufferings, the torture, of incarnate Deity in accomplishing a means of acceptance for us, and in presenting to us a faultless example of what we ought to be—these convictions, these irresistible convictions—leave me no choice.”

Deeply impressed by his words, and the forcible manner in which he delivered them, Clarendon was silent for some moments when he observed,—“Would you then persuade me that, like Socrates, you had every evil propensity but had expelled them all?”

“No, *all* my propensities are not evil, nor do I boast of having expelled those that are, I only trust that, by divine assistance, I have been enabled to reduce them to a state of subjection. The religion of Socrates permitted him to *boast*; *mine* will not allow me to do so, even if my conscience would, which I assure you it forbids. For, consider—what would be a venial offence in another, would be guilt in me, persuaded as I am, not only of what is right, but that through me others may be taught it.”

“I should be satisfied if I had as fair a claim to be *called* good,” said Clarendon. His friend replied, “were you satisfied that you *were* good, you would

have no claim to be termed so. The endeavour to attain to that state must be our incessant stimulus, persuade yourself you have arrived at it, and the stimulus ceases, and you will be further from it than ever." Clarendon rejoined, " But I mean what is *called* good by the world ; every body would call you a good young man, and I cannot for the life of me persuade myself that you are not."

Justinian smiled and returned—" I am what the *world* calls good, because I cannot help it for the faith that I hold—believing what I do, it is impossible I can act otherwise while in possession of my senses. If a traveller were certain beyond all question that a yawning gulph, or a frightful precipice lay directly in the road he was otherwise inclined to take in the hope of meeting many amusing scenes, and incidents, nothing but insanity would tempt him to pursue it; neither would he be entitled to any *merit* for

avoiding it. But if he admitted 'a DOUBT that such dangers were in the path, if he persuaded himself, that he might be deceived; nay that there was much reason to question the information he had gained, he would most likely pursue the way his inclinations led him, and run the chance of the evils which would consequently involve him. It is this *doubt*, this absence of *thorough conviction*, which is the poisonous source of every other ill. Perfect faith has one irresistible law—*obedience!* and evinces its genuine nature by the humility of its submission, and the fruitfulness of its works."

Clarendon had nothing more to say, and Justinian hoped that what he had advanced would operate to the advantage of his friend.

Not long after this conversation, Clarendon, either owing to the perturbation of his mind, or some accidental cause, was seized with a fever, and

was for several days in a very precarious state. During that period Justinian was devoted to him, and attended him with the greatest care and vigilance. Clarendon would permit no other person to approach him ; his captiousness and irritability drove every one else far from him, and even the visits of his medical attendant were scarcely endured by him. It was evident that his distress of mind infinitely increased his disease ; he could not be persuaded for some time to remain in his bed, but would insist upon rising, though so weak as often to be compelled to recline on Justinian's shoulder, while the sighs that burst from his bosom were scarcely more agonizing to him than to his faithful friend.

With the deepest regret too, Justinian was now compelled to credit the report, that Clarendon had some tender connection in the vicinity of that neighbourhood. Two or three times in the course of the day notes, or letters,

were delivered to him, and each seemed to augment his misery while he endeavoured to scrawl a reply.

At length, in the height of his disorder, he was totally unable to guide a pen. He attempted it several times, half raised in his bed, when sinking with a groan on his pillow, he cast a piteous glance on Justinian, and pointing to the paper murmured, "Better—not permitted to write."

Justinian understood, that he was to transcribe those words, which he did, and further obeyed his friend in folding up the paper and giving it to a person who waited for it. Justinian had with the greatest delicacy hinted to the invalid, that an unburdened mind might be a relief to him, and forward his recovery. Clarendon grasped his hand with convulsive fervour, but gave no utterance to his feelings. He at length got better, and frequently went out in a carriage for the advantage of gentle

exercise, but he never requested Justinian to accompany him, and one of the busy bodies of the place, now reported that in the course of a walk, he had seen Clarendon descend from the chaise at the end of a village some miles from the town, and repair to a cottage, which the diligent inquirer was afterwards informed, by a rustic whom he interrogated, was inhabited by a *Mrs. Clarendon*. Justinian hoped that his friend was privately married; but whatever might be his circumstances, he resolved to wait no longer than the period of his perfect recovery, candidly to repeat to him what had been circulated to his discredit. At present he feared such an agitating theme might retard his convalescence; he therefore would not venture to start it, but he was determined, should he discover that any immorality stained his character, to discard him from his intimacy. He had already said every

thing that could induce him to think seriously ; yet he would not cease to admonish and exhort him ; but to cherish him as a bosom friend, would be to harbour and encourage vice.



CHAPTER XVII.

JUSTINIAN at this period had full occupation ; the time was approaching, when he hoped to obtain the distinction he had been labouring for with unwearied application, latterly directing his studies more towards the means by which these university honours were to be gained, than to his most favourite pursuits. His examination was not accompanied by any anxiety, for he knew that he was master of his subject ; but the attendant circumstances were tedious and fatiguing, and he rejoiced when the time was past and he found himself master of a fellowship. During the subsequent vacation he could not well evade a pressing invitation to spend a short time with Mr. Delaval, but he did not intend

that his visit should exceed a fortnight, and with that assurance he appeased the vexation of Clarendon, at the prospect of his absence. Clarendon affirmed that his health was still so precarious, that he thought it necessary to take a lodging in the country for the benefit of the air. Justinian made no comment, for the pallidness of his friend's countenance, his hollow cheek, and sunken eye, robbed of its spirit, made him fear to agitate him.

Justinian was received as usual, in the most gratifying manner by Mr. Delaval and his family, and the warmest congratulations were offered him on his late success. Mr. Delaval further felicitated him on a piece of intelligence which he had to communicate; viz. that information had at length been received regarding the fate of the vessel which Mr. Smith's family had sailed in. It had been taken, and the crew and passengers carried to France, where they were retained pri-

soners ; therefore Mr. Delaval thought there was a hope that the important will might be ultimately obtained ; Justinian feared it was a very slender one. Though possessing less vanity than almost any young man of his age, Justinian could scarcely resist the persuasion that Laura Delaval beheld him with most favourable eyes, and that her father was disposed to encourage an attachment which he could not doubt was returned. This, in a character so disinterested, was not surprising ; but though, at that period, Justinian's fancy lent entirely towards Laura, he could not, when endeavouring to think coolly and rationally on the subject, but admit that she was not exactly the person formed to share a destiny like his. Accustomed to live in splendour, to enjoy all the amusements affluence could procure, to cherish strong disgust for every thing destitute of refinement, an undisguised horror of vulgarity, a detestation of all

communication with beings inferior to herself, and an absolute incapacity of addressing them in language which they could understand; volatile, inconsiderate, fond of pleasure, though endearing, good-humoured, lovely and agreeable: was she thus constituted to be a fellow-worker with him in the great business of his future life? Would she condescend to visit the poor, administer to their wants, and promote their advantage? Would she share his deep concern on these subjects, and the still higher ones, which were to him the first interests in life? Would they not become wearisome to her, and should he not owe to complaisance what he should desire from inclination? Might not their domestic evenings, which to him would be so delightful, could he enjoy the intercourse of reciprocal sentiments, or literary entertainment shared by both, prove tedious and monotonous to her? Would she not sigh for a round of society, and be

dissatisfied with the select few which he should admit on a familiar footing? He never could find satisfactory answers to these interrogatories, and he soon wished himself at college again, sheltered from the temptation to act in opposition to his calm judgment. Through the interest of Mr. Delaval he at this time received an offer, which he did not hesitate to accept, though presenting little in itself that might be thought alluring. It was a living of about eighty pounds a year on the borders of Wales. But Justinian, eager to commence the ministerial office, received with gratitude the donation. He had been previously ordained, and now determined only to return to college to make the necessary arrangements for quitting his residence there, to take leave of his friends, and to repair immediately to the spot which claimed his future interest. Mr. Delaval wished him to have declined this offer, and to have waited for something

better, which he hoped by exertions among his great friends he should ultimately obtain for him ; but Justinian would not hear of it, declaring himself perfectly satisfied in so soon having an opportunity of fulfilling the schemes which had so long delighted his mind. As the period of his departure approached, Laura's spirits were visibly affected, his absence would now be of long duration, and she could not bear the contemplation. Justinian participated in no inconsiderable degree in her feelings, and was much agitated and distressed, by a variety of sensations excited during a private conversation with Mr. Delaval on the day before he left London. He was then for the first time, made acquainted with a circumstance which he had nevertheless long suspected. Mr. Delaval informed him, that his eldest daughter had for some time been engaged to marry the object of her affections, who that might be, Justinian could

nêver guess, though from Miss Delaval's manner, he had believed that her heart was disposed of. Mr. Delaval now told him, but not without much embarrassment, that her destined husband was Lord St. Maurice. Her intimacy with that nobleman had been matured by an accidental residence under the same roof, at the house of a friend where both were guests ; immediately after his return from abroad, and when he subsequently presented himself to Mr. Delaval, it was as the professed suitor of his eldest daughter. Mr. Delaval now observed to Justinian, that never having heard any thing to the personal disadvantage of Lord St. Maurice, he had no pretext for thwarting his daughter's inclinations, but the marriage was not to take place till after the final arrangement of his Lordship's affairs.

Justinian reproached himself for the sensation of regret excited in his breast by this communication, but he felt

that the pleasing intercourse he had hitherto maintained with Mr. Delaval's family, must be interrupted by this event; for though his heart could harbour no hostility against the innocent cause of his humiliation, he was sensible that in being confronted with each other, both parties must experience very awkward sensations. He had no desire to cultivate a friendship with the son of Colonel Fitzgerald, nor could Lord St. Maurice feel perfectly at ease in presence of the offspring of that man whom his mother had dishonoured.

Mr. Delaval, eager to dissipate any unpleasant emotion which he might have excited in Justinian's breast, now with great warmth declared, that, though Lord St. Maurice's rank and fortune rendered him a very desirable connection in the estimation of the world, he himself should feel much more pride and satisfaction in being as closely allied to his dear adopted son. Justinian was not at a loss to compre-

hend him, and felt extremely confused; but in a few moments he replied, that his views and his deficiencies wholly disqualified him for aspiring to such a distinction. Mr. Delaval looked disappointed, but observed, that the time might perhaps come when he would be persuaded that he wronged himself.

Justinian parted from his friends with more pain than he had experienced on any former occasion; for it seemed, that, in their connection with Lord St. Maurice, *he* must be neglected and forgotten, nor could he at all participate in Mr. Delaval's evident opinion, that in forming a similar tie with the future sister-in-law of Lord St. Maurice, he could reasonably expect harmony and happiness. He endeavoured to divest his mind of the uneasy impression which hung upon it, by fixing his thoughts on his future way of life, and thus he strove to beguile the tediousness of an oft-traversed road. Clarendon frequently

occurred to his recollection ; but he could anticipate no pleasure in seeing him, from the consciousness that he must so soon lose his society altogether, and that the prospect of their separation would be extremely painful to his friend. Other unpleasant ideas, too, were connected with him, and he dreaded that all the gratification he had derived from their intercourse was already terminated. Justinian had besides many friends at the University whom he should regret to leave ; thus, in very indifferent spirits, he reached his destination. Clarendon was eagerly looking out for him, and every impression to his disadvantage vanished from Justinian's breast, before the demonstrations of lively friendship and animated affection with which his friend met him. He was at first so rejoiced, that no traces of his usual melancholy were visible. His health too appeared to be re-established. Justinian had never seen him in a more

fascinating mood, and he sighed deeply at the thought of their approaching separation, but he did not mention it for some hours after they had met; and then the communication was extorted from him by repeated interrogations from Clarendon, who observed an evident depression of his spirits. No sooner was his friend acquainted with the cause, than he more than participated in Justinian's uneasiness. All the fire of animation disappeared from his countenance; deep gloom succeeded, and it was now apparent, that his other sources of unhappiness were not diminished, though for a time they had been over-powered by opposite sensations; for with a sigh of anguish he exclaimed—"It wanted but *this* to complete my wretchedness."

Justinian, wishing to turn his thoughts from the contemplation of his affliction, informed him of the projected alliance between Miss Delaval and Lord St. Maurice, and of the un-

easiness it gave him, from the persuasion that it must deprive him of the pleasure he had hitherto derived from his intercourse with Mr. Delaval's family. Clarendon, with all his characteristic energy, entered into his friend's feelings, and exclaimed vehemently—

“ If there is a being on earth whom I detest above all others, it is that base-born thing St. Maurice. Infamy and contempt must follow him, though the weakness of the law may shelter his dishonour. He seems created to heap humiliation on your head and sorrow on your heart: evil was the day that he saw the light ! How dare the impostor interfere with your friends ? ”

Justinian checked this warmth in his friend, and observed, that there could be no doubt of the respectability of Lord St. Maurice's character, or Mr. Delaval would not admit him into his family. Justinian continued—“ But

though I cannot harbour a vindictive feeling against him, which would, indeed, be as criminal as unjust, yet I own, the idea of having any communication with him is abhorrent to me, and, I doubt not, would be equally so to him."—"Him!" echoed Clarendon, "surely you would not condescend to speak to that son of infamy,—*infamy* of which your father was the sacrifice!"

"This is cruel, Clarendon, cruel in the extreme, to cast so bitter a reflection on an innocent, and I am sure, a worthy man. My only objection to having any intercourse with him arises from my consciousness of the very great awkwardness that must attend it, and that there must be a delicate sensation on both sides, which would make a meeting extremely painful,—but," continued Justinian, now wishing to change the subject, and anxious to introduce one, which he had no longer an excuse for deferring, "as we are

alluding to *delicate* sensations, and I feel their influence particularly in what I am about to say,—will you suffer me to explain to you another source of considerable uneasiness which has its origin in yourself?”—Clarendon looked alarmed, but bade him proceed, when Justinian very candidly repeated all that he had heard to his friend’s disadvantage, and upon what grounds. Clarendon was extremely confused and distressed beyond measure, as his deportment betraycd, but he did not interrupt Justinian, nor speak till some time after the relation was concluded. He then said, in a reproachful tone—

“ I had more confidence in your friendship than to believe you could have credited any thing to my dishonour.”

Justinian denied having done so, but owned that he concluded him to be privately married. “ And if I were so,” returned Clarendon, “ would not the necessity for secrecy equally pre-

vent my exculpating myself on this occasion?"

Justinian immediately interpreted these words as a tacit confession of the justice of his suspicions, and pressed the subject no further, dismissing it with an observation, that his friendship for Clarendon must always cause him deeply to regret any circumstance that could expose him to invidious reflections. He afterwards spoke of something else, and he had no reason to suppose, by his friend's manner, that he was offended with him for what he had said; for though again thoughtful and melancholy, he was not displeased by Justinian's interference.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MUCH time did not elapse before Justinian had made every arrangement previous to his quitting college, and the day of his departure was fixed. Every interview which he now had with his friend, was more and more embittered by the approach of their separation. To Clarendon it was indeed a serious evil, as in Justinian he lost the only companion he would admit to intimacy. Justinian urged him to spend the vacations with him; but Clarendon would not promise, and was evidently shackled by some other claims, which Justinian apprehended were most irksome, and pitied him most sincerely, from the persuasion that his bondage had originated in conscientious, or honourable motives.

Justinian was breakfasting with his

friend, when a letter was delivered, directed to himself. He thought he had seen the hand-writing before, and that it resembled Laura Delaval's, and he coloured deeply while examining the seal, on which he perceived her initials. Feeling a little disordered, he put the letter unopened into his pocket, determined to read it alone, and he made a hasty meal, eager to gratify his impatience. In the solitude of his chamber, still with trepidation, he carefully cut round the seal, to preserve the beloved memorial, and with increasing agitation read—

“ Your absence is too painful to me, not to render me fertile in expedients for interrupting the tedious period for which I dread its prolongation. I have suffered bitterly since I beheld you, every day seems like a month, and when I consider how uncertain is the time when you may again visit us, I feel unable to endure it, and it has driven me to the determination of re-

pairing to your neighbourhood, where you know we have some friends, whose visitor I shall be, and I trust I shall yet see you often before the melancholy and final departure occurs, and that I may even remain to witness it. My father sanctions this plan—yes, dear Justinian, believe it, you know me to be superior to subterfuge, and I know you too well to suppose you would approve of any clandestine steps, but as my father offers no objection, I shall certainly repair to Ashdale Cottage. On Tuesday evening, I shall expect to see you, if you receive this letter, as I calculate, on the morning of that day. Let me see you early ; inquire for me, and I will contrive to receive you alone, when we may arrange future schemes, in which my happiness, you too well know, is deeply concerned. I have never veiled my sentiments, nor will I deny that the rank, fortune, and distinction, your's by every law of justice could not make you dearer to me.

I am too much hurried in preparing
for my journey, and have only time to
add, I am ever,

Dearest Justinian,

Your most attached

L. DELAVAL."

Portland Place,

March —, —.

The perturbation excited in Justinian's heart by the contents of this letter, would be difficult to paint; but we believe we must allow that pleasure was the predominant emotion, though by no means without alloy. What was to be the character of the interview that was projected, seemed scarcely questionable; and Justinian felt that he was not perfectly qualified to act his part in it, because his reason could not sanction the event which must ensue. Much uneasiness chequered his feelings: no alternative presented itself that was not embarrassing in the extreme; and

he felt, that the only admissible grounds on which he could attempt a retreat, was averseness to becoming, in any degree, allied to Lord St. Maurice; yet such a plea would augur but a weak attachment on his side. The more he reflected, the more complicated was the dilemma in which he found himself; and he could only decide upon the utter impossibility of avoiding this meeting, either in friendship to Mr. Delaval, or delicacy to his daughter. At the same time he resolved, if *practicable*, to evade appearing in the character of a lover, though he almost despaired of the strength of his self-command on such an occasion. He had not written to Mr. Delaval since the period of his departure had been fixed, and thus Laura seemed to have been misled respecting the time he was yet to remain at the University, and he now concluded, that he should be obliged to protract his removal for a short

time. The family alluded to in the letter, had only lately repaired to that neighbourhood; and as he was going away so soon, Justinian had not availed himself of an introduction which Mr. Delaval had offered him. He knew the village near which their residence was situated, and he was further directed by the letter to Ashdale Cottage, and *there* he determined to present himself that evening; and he certainly watched the lapse of time with a species of anxiety which he had never before experienced.

Clarendon was surprised, and much disappointed, when Justinian informed him, that he was engaged that evening to pay a visit in the country; he had hoped to have spent at least part of it with him; but he was reconciled, when Justinian told him he intended deferring his departure for a few days. Lansdowne beheld the sun decline, and felt his heart throb quicker every moment. * It was now early in the

spring, and the evening was closing, when he commenced his walk. With what feelings should he retrace that path? Would the next few hours decide one of the most important events of his life? These questions perpetually recurred as he pursued his way, and he really found it impossible to determine, whether his hopes were favourable to Laura or not; so sensible was he of the objections that existed to an union with her. Having reached the village, he inquired for Ashdale Cottage, and was immediately directed to it. It was a white structure, conspicuous even through the gloom of night, and Justinian soon found himself at the gate which conducted to it. He entered with a trepidation that did not decrease as he approached the house door. He knocked, and it was immediately opened, as if his arrival had been watched for, and, without waiting for an inquiry, the footman threw

open the door of an adjoining sitting room, and, the visitor having entered, closed it after him.

“ Oh! Justinian, I am so glad you are come,” was the salutation which greeted his entrance, and not one whose purport was calculated to surprise him, expecting as he did to be welcomed by Laura. Then why did he start with amazement? Because the voice that addressed him was perfectly strange to his ear.

He gazed on the speaker; but the obscurity of the apartment, lighted only by a dim fire, prevented his discerning her features; but her attitude and manner confirmed his persuasion that it was *not* Laura whom he looked on. He beheld a female form reclining on a sofa. She did not even raise her head at his approach, though she extended her hand, which he hesitated to take. At that moment the servant re-entered with lights, and again retired. “ Come near Jus-

tinian," the lady repeated, who, he now perceived, was the mere shadow of a human being, whose ghastly and haggard countenance was almost terrific to look on, and whose spectral hand presented only the frame work of the limb. In extreme consternation Justinian retreated towards the door, and now attempted to mutter something like an apology, alluding to mistake, misapprehension. At the sound of his voice, the recumbent form sustained a slight movement, in an attempt to turn towards him:—this was ineffectual, but a second effort raised it sufficiently to permit the eyes, shaded by the lean fingers, to fix upon him. The large balls projected from the fallen flesh, and fell on his countenance with something of a deadly glance. While she continued to gaze on him, her lips became convulsed, and every feature yielded to a horrible contortion. She drew a long and tremulous groan from her inmost

soul, then burst into a cry appalling beyond description.

Justinian started forward to support her, but she shrieked the more vehemently, crying out again and again, "My son, my son, save me! save me!—Where are you, my son? Oh! save me!"

She had recoiled into a tortuous position, with her face concealed on her knees. Justinian pulled the bell violently, when a male and female servant rushed into the room, and flew to their mistress, whose shrieks had already alarmed them. On hearing their voices, and feeling herself held by them, she recovered a little, and Justinian was hastening to retire, when she screamed, "Stop that young man—Don't let him go—Where is my son?"

The servants now, looking at Justinian, seemed to experience their share of surprise, while to him every thing that had occurred was so perfectly un-

intelligible, that he could scarcely believe that he was awake.

The wretched lady now again seemed to constrain her eyes to turn on him, which they did with a malignant expression, that made their aspect still more horrible.

“ Yes,” she exclaimed, in a hollow tone, forcing her voice to an elevation which her strength could ill sustain, “ yes, I *will* look on you.” But, as she did so, a shudder ran through her form, though she repeated—

“ Yes, I *will* look on you, cruel, barbarous wretch, who would seek a distracted dying criminal to rack her in her last moments with your maddening reproaches ! But no, no,” she continued with breathless impetuosity,—“ This shall not be—I am not sunk so low as to be insulted with impunity—my Lord St. Maurice shall know this—ah ! do you start!—but from that spot you shall not stir till you have answered to him for your unmanly conduct. Where

is my lord, where is my son? Why is he not here?"

How shall we convey an idea of Justinian's sensations at the moment he became convinced, however unaccountable, that he was in the presence of his father's direst foe, the assassin of his father's peace and honour, the wretched Lady St. Maurice! And threatened with the immediate presence of the man whom, of all earthly beings, he most wished to avoid. And under what aggravated circumstances? Apparently as an intruder on his dying mother, who evidently believed, that he had purposely repaired to her abode in order to reproach and insult her. He was therefore called on to account for his being in that place, and even to apologize for it. He was now sensible that he must be confronted with Lord St. Maurice, and this distressing alternative almost overwhelmed him with confusion and agitation. But the excess of his embarrassment endured but

No word was spoken, until Lady St. Maurice authoritatively cried—

“My son, Lord St. Maurice, why do you not come forward?—Do you not see who has dared to enter your dying mother’s presence to kill her at once?”

St. Maurice advanced a few paces, still with downcast eyes; but Justinian immediately rose and said, *now*, with a fluctuating voice, for it was the friend whom he so much loved that he was addressing,—“Follow me to another place, and I will explain the reason of your seeing me here, and shall also demand, why I have been thus duped.”

Again the unhappy woman cried—
“Let him not speak, Oh!” it was an Oh! lengthened to torture, “I cannot bear that tone! Take him from my sight!”

Justinian was conducted by Lord St. Maurice to another apartment; but *there* the former was not willing to remain; his first anxiety being to escape

from a dwelling, in which he felt so perfectly out of his place, and he said, with that intense seriousness, assumed to constrain his features from betraying his real and strong emotion—

“If Lord St. Maurice will hold an interview with me at my own apartments, he will find me prepared to enter into any explanation, which he may require, of the motives for an intrusion, apparently unpardonable; and I hope he will be equally ready to account for the extraordinary imposition which he has practised upon me.”

“*Imposition!*” echoed St. Maurice, in a tone of acute anguish; “but true, I have imposed upon you in *one* respect: but Justinian,” he continued, approaching him, grasping his arm with fervour, and looking steadily in his face,—“But, Justinian! look at these lineaments, which you have so often gazed on with the deepest interest, giving peace to my soul in saying that they resembled your father’s—Look at them, Justinian! tell

me, I am no *impostor*, and call me BROTHER !”

Justinian’s heart swelled, he tried to speak, but in vain ; he turned from St. Maurice—again looked at him—struggled for utterance—and at length fell upon his neck, whispering—“ *brother.*”

St. Maurice pressed him with the liveliest warmth of fraternal love, and the moistened eyes of both evinced their reciprocal feelings.

Justinian, first recovering his self-possession, attempted to withdraw ; but St. Maurice, though in silence, still grasped his hand, anxious to detain him, as he looked on him with eyes beaming affection.

“ We will meet to-morrow,” said Justinian ; St. Maurice acceded, and reluctantly suffered him to depart.

CHAPTER XIX.

So great was the tumult in Justinian's thoughts, and so multifarious were the images that crowded on his imagination, that he found it impossible to follow any regular train of reflection, which could lead towards the development of the strange incidents of that evening. He could only recollect, that he had found a beloved, affectionate, invaluable brother, who had romantically contrived to wind himself round his heart, and secure a firm hold of his regard, in defiance of obstacles apparently insurmountable. *That* brother had surprized him into an acknowledgement of his identity, involuntarily established by Justinian's confession of the strong resemblance that young St. Maurice bore to his father, and which had first attracted Justinian's attention,

and made him eager to seek an intimacy with one thus rendered so interesting in his eyes. The cause he had then imagined to be purely accidental. The likeness reflected in himself was obvious to every beholder, and these young men were seldom seen together without exciting observations on the similarity of their features and figures. Justinian's voice and manner, with a softened expression of countenance, perfected his resemblance to his father, who, as his preceptor and companion for so many years, had left, as we may express it, his full stamp upon him.—Those finer touches of the print were lost in St. Maurice, who was naturally marked by as strong an influence from the circumstances of his juvenile days, and the manners of his youthful companions. His mother's impatient contraction of the brow might sometimes be traced on his forehead, and the indignant flash of her eye was not a stranger to *his*. But in one respect

at least the world *had* injured her, and Justinian with delight admitted the undeniable demonstration which St. Maurice's person presented of his being indeed the just and rightful, as well as legal heir, of his injured father's honours.

Justinian now bitterly reproached himself, for the stigma which his mind had invariably attached to *him*, whom he now gloried in calling brother, and for ever having designated him—the *offspring of Fitzgerald*, and for suffering his imagination to be so fully impressed by the general persuasion to that effect, which in fact he had never questioned. He had regained his apartments in the college before he recollected the purpose for which he had quitted them, so wholly were his thoughts attracted to another channel; he then, with regret, remembered the letter he had that day received, and which, by some misinterpretation, (he believed on *his* side) had led him to the last abode on earth,

which he would voluntarily have visited. He could only conclude that there must be more than one residence in that neighbourhood known by the name of *Ashdale Cottage*; but however that might be, it was now too late to take any steps for unravelling the mistake, and he felt quite incapable of divesting his mind sufficiently of the strong interest that possessed it, to enable him to admit any other.

He lamented the impression, which he feared would be made on Laura's feelings by his apparent negligence, but he trusted that he should exonerate himself the next morning, when he hoped to seek her more successfully. Now his whole imagination reverted to St. Maurice, and the wretched mother of his friend. She still seemed before Justinian's eyes; so strongly was her figure fixed upon his vision, so dreadful was the contemplation which she presented.

The sting of vice had rankled in her

soul till it had wasted and decayed the frail body, that, already mouldering and falling from the undying spirit, would speedily leave it unsheltered to account for the deeds which had destroyed its carthly tenement.

Justinian had in his possession a miniature picture of Lady St. Maurice, which his father had treasured with tenderness, and had enclosed in the case a slip of paper, on which were written some affecting lines, purporting that it was her resemblance. Justinian now took out this picture, in order to trace in it some remnant of similitude in trait or feature to what Lady St. Maurice now was. He felt an acute pang as he contemplated the lovely blooming countenance, the vermilion cheek, the laughing eye, the enchanting smile, the unclouded expression of happy innocence which the picture represented. A profound sigh burst from his heart, and he thought—"Oh! virtue, how beautiful

art thou !” then, as his thoughts turned on the ghastly image he had lately seen, he shuddered and exclaimed—
 “ Oh ! vice, how horrible !”

In the picture, not a single lineament could be traced of the wretched being whom he had so recently looked on ; furrows and frowns, the ravages of mental sickness, the contortions of bodily pain, made hideous that countenance which once might have represented a seraph’s, and gave it an aspect of agedness and deformity beyond what time or nature authorized. There was none of that calm sweetness, that interesting expression, equivalent to beauty, which is often retained by suffering, patient, worth, even in old age, or in the last stage of disease ; but the strong lines of constant discontent, painful irascibility, disappointed vanity, mortified ambition, and a torturing conscience.

Lady St. Maurice had no shelter from herself ; all her ideas of religion

were vague, fluctuating, and doubtful. She only knew enough to add terror to her other miseries, and make her afraid to inquire further ; she therefore strove to avoid all recollections connected with the subject. She had never been taught to consider it as any thing more than an engine of policy, to be exercised on the lower orders of society, and sometimes to afford a cloak of sanctity to such as, like her mother, Lady Elthorp, assumed it from genuine pharisaical motives.

Justinian endeavoured to banish from his mind the image of Lady St. Maurice, and to dwell wholly on that of her son ; but the misery she must have occasioned him still blended them so in his thoughts, that they shared his imagination ; and thus in suspension between pleasure and pain he passed the sleepless night.

CHAPTER XX.

GLADLY did Justinian welcome the day, which he hoped would develop the double mystery that had deceived him—first in regard to Lord St. Maurice, and secondly in his pursuit of Laura. As his ideas reverted to the latter, he felt still more desirous, had it been admissible, of avoiding the interview he was invited to. The temporary influence of feeling in her behalf had been interrupted by the new impression given to his sensations, and dwelling still more coolly on the subject, he was more and more convinced, that very serious obstacles existed to the propriety of his espousing Laura. True, the chief and only objection which he could have avowed was now removed, and even converted into an additional attraction towards the union ;

for he could not question what footing he should be on with Lord St. Maurice in future, and that two brothers, so attached to each other, should be united to two sisters, and those sisters the daughters of Justinian's dearest friend, held out a picture alluring in a high degree. But Justinian's reason could not yield to the conviction, that Laura was the wife he ought to select, and the more he apprehended being misled by his inclinations, the stronger was his wish to avoid such a possibility. But would not her wealth place in his possession the means of extensive usefulness? Undoubtedly: Yet would *his* mode of appropriating it meet her ideas of the happiness which it might furnish? nay, was he certain, or could he, without presumption, assert, that he himself should make the very best of all possible uses of it? would it not tempt him from the even path which he was now pursuing? He thought of Hazael, and wished with all his

heart that Laura was in London again. Nor must we omit to observe, that the means by which she had obtruded herself on him had lessened her in his estimation ; she was thus robbed of that retiring modesty, that delicate reserve, without which the female character must ever be imperfect. Under this impression, he nevertheless felt constrained to seek her, being grateful for her attachment to him, and fearful of giving her pain.

Nothing less could have attracted him from home on that day, when he expected to be sought by Lord St. Maurice. He left a note for him, directed to Mr. Clarendon, which he desired might be delivered to him if he called. It simply purported, that unavoidable business took him from home, but that he should return by dinner-time.

Having re-perused his perplexing letter, Justinian could perceive but *one* interpretation that appeared clear to

him; but as he was acquainted with the name of the family therein alluded to, as that to which Laura was going on a visit, he inquired for their place of residence, of persons who were familiar with the neighbourhood, and was directed to a house in the vicinity of the village where Lady St. Maurice resided, but *not* to Ashdale Cottage. With considerable diffidence he approached the door, apprehending some further embarrassment; and with much trepidation he inquired for Miss Delaval. He was promptly answered, that she was at home, and he was immediately conducted to an apartment where she sat—but not *Laura* Delaval. Nor was Justinian more surprised at sight of her sister, than was Miss Delaval, at beholding him, not supposing that he was acquainted with her arrival in the country.

She met him with her accustomed friendliness; then observed, that she

had not expected the pleasure of seeing him, as she had apprehended that he was on the point of leaving college, and was ignorant of her vicinity.

Justinian felt extremely embarrassed, and still more so when Miss Delaval inquired by what means he had obtained intelligence of her arrival. He hesitated, and coloured, and then asked for her sister, who, he imagined, had accompanied her from town; but Miss Delaval replied, that Laura had been quite well when she had left her.

“ How ? ” exclaimed Justinian, “ is she not here ? ”

He was answered in the negative, and felt more at a loss than ever to account for the letter he had received, till it suddenly struck him that he must have been made the dupe of some college trick, contrived not only to delude him, respecting the violence of Laura's attachment, but to lead him

to the residence of Lady St. Maurice. Yet he had never before been the butt of any such witticisms, nor was he a person likely to provoke them; and who was there that knew of Laura's predilection for him? *He* would not for worlds have hinted it even to his dearest friend: yet the idea that he had been imposed upon, being once awakened, it strengthened every moment, as he could in no other way account for what had occurred. The hand writing was like Laura's, yet he might be deceived; but if indeed the letter was from her, he could not doubt that her sister was in her confidence; at all events, she must be acquainted with her writing, and he determined to shew her an indifferent line of the letter, which he did, inquiring if she knew the hand.

The moment she beheld it, Miss Delaval, in great confusion exclaimed, "It is *mine*. Where did you get that

letter? Oh! give it to me, I entreat you!"

Justinian immediately shewed her the direction. "This is very distressing," cried Miss Delaval, concealing her face in her handkerchief; "but indeed that letter was not intended for *you*." After pausing a few moments, she continued, endeavouring to recover her composure, "I see now how this must have happened:—I recollect perfectly, and I must explain it to you.—But *could* you think it was from *me*?"

"No, I candidly own the signature deceived me. L. Delaval would apply equally to your sister."

"Oh! poor Laura! how must she have sunk in your estimation.—But I *must* tell you," she continued, still concealing her face, "you are no stranger to the footing on which Lord St. Maurice is received in our family. That letter was intended for him: he

is at present in this neighbourhood. I was much hurried when writing it; and just as I had sealed it, Laura came into the room, saying, my father wanted me immediately. I threw the letter to her, telling her to direct it to Justinian, never recollecting that she *could* mistake. I remember having said that I was inclined to let you know that I was coming to this neighbourhood; and she, I doubt not, thought I had done so in that letter, and directed it to you.—But is there nothing in it that does *not* apply to you, or that could excite a suspicion of a mistake? The *name*, indeed, must have furthered the deception.”

The mystery was now unveiled to Justinian in great measure, and he became convinced, that Mr. Delaval and his family were aware of the disguise under which Lord St. Maurice had sought his friendship, and he determined to inform Miss Delaval of all that the extraordinary misinter-

pretation of her letter had led to. This he accordingly did, and rendered a further explanation on her part necessary. She frankly entered upon it; to what extent we shall hereafter specify: in the meantime, we shall take this occasion more clearly to account for what appeared unintelligible in Lord St. Maurice's conduct, and the issue of it.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE youthful years of Lord St. Maurice had not escaped the contagion of his mother's misfortunes, inasmuch as he was a sufferer to a considerable degree by her temper, rendered intolerable by the disappointment of all her worldly expectations. He saw no example of self-command before him, and perhaps he could not boast of much himself; but the goodness of his heart counteracted the warmth of his temper, and enabled him to endure his mother's ill humour and complaints sometimes with patience, and often with lively commiseration, though his forbearance would occasionally give way, under incessant provocation, and he would vehemently declare the simple truth, that she made his life a burden to him.

Thus he generally left home before the vacations were expired, and availed himself of the hospitality of some friend; yet he not unfrequently voluntarily returned to his wretched mother, reproaching himself for having quitted her, and determined to do all in his power to make her less miserable; but that was a task in which he seldom succeeded. Imputing all her unhappiness to incessant grief for the loss of an adored husband, he formed the highest opinion of her conjugal character, and considered her a pattern of connubial constancy; and whatever other faults she might betray, he was convinced that she was a lively example of entire devotion to the object of her affections. For this he highly respected her, for his immature judgment concealed from him the impropriety of such irrational sorrow. He never entertained a doubt of any thing that she told him, relative to her affairs: suspicion is not a natural

feature in a juvenile character, neither did it find place in his disposition. His education being prosecuted in Scotland, he was completely removed from the circle of his parents connections or friends; and if any persons of his acquaintance knew the circumstances of his birth, they were not so devoid of feeling and propriety, as ever to hint them to him. His expenses, which were not few, were liberally supplied by his mother: he studied just as much or as little as he chose, and lived in the full expectation of rank and affluence. Though in many respects very imperfect, he had a high sense of honour and integrity; a veneration, almost romantic, for the female character, and a nicety and even fastidiousness regarding it, that rendered the slightest dereliction in one of that sex unpardonable in his eyes. He detested vice, yet he was sometimes vicious; but it left him with such a humiliating sense of de-

gradation, such bitterness of self-reproach, as answered for its ultimate discontinuance, when haply he might meet with any unerring guide to the path of virtue. The feeble lamp of morality sometimes left him in total darkness to stumble into sin; but already a spark of religion glimmered in his heart, attracting him back, and promising, on the slightest encouragement, to shine forth a splendid beam, replenishing the moral light, and rendering it steady and unextinguishable. Arrived at manhood, without a profession, and deprived of all domestic comfort, by the malignant spirit of discontent that presided at his wretched home, Lord St. Maurice was threatened by all the horrors of an idle life, when a plan of travelling for a while averted them. Lady St. Maurice at first strongly objected to it, but on his relinquishing the project, in order to please her, she found out that his society gave her little

pleasure. He therefore went and continued abroad, until he received information, by a letter from her, that unquestionable confirmation of his father's death had been obtained, and that *he* was consequently Lord St. Maurice. She expressed her anxiety for his immediate return to England, preparatory to the arrangements essential on his accession to his title, &c. and hinted an intention of emerging from her seclusion on the happy occasion.

St. Maurice was at Athens when this intelligence; which had been long on its way, reached him; and several contingencies extended the period of his return considerably beyond the time at which it was expected. Having at length landed in England, he had still a considerable journey to perform, as his mother continued to reside in Scotland. On his road, he encountered a college friend, whose family resided in the vicinity of the place

where they met. He warmly pressed St. Maurice to delay his journey, and become his guest for a short time. The expedience of his going first to London, and taking the preliminary steps for the arrangement of the business that required his presence, *previous* to his going to Scotland, St. Maurice had before debated, and he now determined to remain with his friend, and there await a reply to a letter which he addressed to his mother, to consult her on the propriety of this measure. On a visit to the family of his friend, was Miss Delaval, whom Lord St. Maurice, on that occasion, met for the first time. He was no stranger to the name, having frequently heard his mother mention Mr. Delaval, with whom he knew she corresponded. He soon discovered that he now beheld the daughter of that gentleman. She, on her part, was immediately prepossessed in his favour, by his resemblance to Jus-

tinian, on which account she resigned every prejudice that might have operated to his disadvantage, and certainly did not perceive, with indifference, the admiration which he took no pains to conceal. By the termination of a month, during which time they continued under the same roof, their mutual prepossession assumed the character of a serious attachment. Lord St. Maurice expressed his sentiments unequivocally; and Miss Delaval only evaded a decisive reply on account of their short acquaintance; but she did not forbid his applying to her father on the subject, when they should meet in London. On her account Lord St. Maurice extended his visit to his friend, which otherwise would have terminated much sooner, as he had received a letter from his mother, in which she disapproved of his going to London before he saw her, and requested him to join her in Scotland.

Thither he accordingly repaired.

His acquaintance with Miss Delaval had been fruitful only of pleasure, with the exception of one particular. He had observed, that whenever he alluded to his mother, her countenance changed, she became suddenly silent, looked uneasy, and never expressed any sympathy in his feelings; when he lamented that Lady St. Maurice had devoted herself to seclusion, and expressed a hope that she might be induced to re-visit the world. He often resorted to the subject, in order to observe its effects, which were always similar; and he even thought that, subsequent to each occasion, Miss Delaval betrayed a disposition to repel his attentions. This gave him considerable uneasiness, and he could account for it in no other way, than by supposing Miss Delaval might apprehend that Lady St. Maurice would disapprove of his choice.

He found her ladyship in better spirits than he had ever before beheld

her. She shewed extraordinary anxiety for his assuming all the distinction his rank entitled him to, talked much of his possessions, described to him his estates, and particularly *that* at which she declared it was her intention to reside in future, and where she should support all the state which in former days she had been accustomed to; in short she very plainly evinced her intention of presiding in his house—a project her son thought rather inimical to his matrimonial scheme. But averse to checking her unusual complacence, he avoided for the present entering upon that delicate subject. In the course of their conversation, he very cautiously hinted a desire to be acquainted with the particulars which had been obtained relative to his father's death; but she immediately checked him, as she invariably did on that theme, by a violent demonstration of passionate sorrow, while she declared that it was a topic,

which her feelings would never permit her to enter on. She detained him several days, tutoring him regarding what he was to do, and laying out schemes for the future, and it was finally arranged, that as soon as he had terminated his business in town, he should, with a suitable equipage, and retinue, return to conduct her to the residence she had chosen. All that time, St. Maurice had never courage enough to inform her of his attachment to Miss Delaval; so much did he dread her violent disapprobation, and he thought the communication would come better by letter. She at length suffered him to depart, yet entertained most painful apprehensions lest in the course of the arrangements which must take place, and references to the past, some fact might transpire which would betray her to her son, and that thought filled her with horror. She had taken every precaution to evade such a discovery, and had written to Mr. Dela-

val to conjure him to do all in his power to preserve the deception, and which she was convinced his humanity would lead him to do, as far as was practicable. In case of the worst, she had formed a tale calculated to convince her son that all the reports to her disadvantage originated in the jealousy of her husband, who, under a false persuasion of her inconstancy, had forsaken her for ever, and brought on her the unjust opprobrium of the world. She thought any subterfuge, or even falsehood admissible, in order to keep her son in ignorance of what must so deeply afflict him, and deceived herself by imagining, that she was only anxious to spare his feelings, while in reality, her own engaged all her solicitude.

Lord St. Maurice repaired to town; was delighted with his reception from Mr. Delaval, and still more charmed with the welcome of Miss Delaval—unclouded happiness seemed to beam

on him, and every thing that could give value to life appeared within his reach. But when the subject of his succession to his father was entered upon, and other themes relative to it, he was struck with the extraordinary reserve of Mr. Delaval, and his averseness to affording him many communications that he required, and also with the mystery that enveloped every circumstance connected with his father's fate.

One morning while he was sitting with the ladies who were at work, a card fell from Laura's work box, which she had converted into a silk-winder ; St. Maurice picked it up, and with much surprise, observed written on it, " The Honourable Justinian Lansdowne, Hotel, St. James'-street."

" This is not my hand-writing," he exclaimed, " though it is my name : where did it come from ?"

It was the very card which Justinian had sent in to Mr. Delaval on his first

arrival in town. St. Maurice would not have given it a second thought, but probably would have supposed that some one had amused themselves in scribbling his name, had it not been for the extreme confusion which Mrs. Delaval, and her daughters, immediately betrayed. Each countenance was suffused with the deepest blush; each eye bent down—not a word was uttered; and all appeared as if some grand discovery was either made, or apprehended. He did not increase their embarrassment by seeming to notice it, and it passed off, but he thought of it afterwards as something unaccountable. On the evening of that day he encountered some young men of his acquaintance, on his return to his hotel, who persuaded him to go with them to an adjacent gambling house, merely, as they said, to observe the scene that was passing—a fatal experiment. to many, as it proved in regard to those young men, who, not-

withstanding their resolution of resisting the temptation to play, lost some hundreds before they left the place.— But St. Maurice's attention was chiefly attracted by the veteran gamesters, whose aspect and demeanour excited his strongest disgust. Their apparent leader was a very aged man, whose countenance inspired abhorrence ; for it indicated the ravages of every baleful passion, while the agonized eagerness of his manner, the deadened glare of his apprehensive eye, the contortion of his features, and the profaneness of his execrations, gave him more the appearance of a demon than of a human creature. St. Maurice inquired who he was, but he received no answer ; the friend he interrogated did not appear to hear him. He asked another, who hesitated, and then said he did not know, neither was a third more communicative. But when they had retired from that pandæmonium, and were at supper together, St.

Maurice repeated the question generally. Some one replied, "Colonel Fitzgerald," for he still was called *Colonel*, though he had been many years out of the army. All eyes were instantly turned on St. Maurice, and then from him, with an aspect of rebuke, on the informer. St. Maurice could not comprehend their manner, and they, inferring his ignorance from his composure, recovered their momentary embarrassment, and spoke freely of Colonel Fitzgerald, representing him such as he was, a ruined man, devoid of every honourable principle, shunned by society, and a disgrace to human nature.

A few days after, on looking into a newspaper the following paragraph attracted St. Maurice's notice.

"The mystery that has so long enveloped the destiny of that amiable and unfortunate nobleman, the late Lord St. Maurice, is at length dispelled; his life and his misfortunes have

alike terminated. His title and estates *legally* descend to the son of *Lady St. Maurice*, the bill of divorcement never having been executed. A son of Lord St. Maurice, the offspring of a subsequent marriage, who, we are informed, is a young man of extraordinary talent, is thus rendered illegitimate."

St. Maurice was scarcely master of his senses for several minutes after he had read this fatal communication, while he strove to dispute their evidence, that he might be saved from distraction. "The son of *Lady St. Maurice*—The bill of divorcement—What, Oh ! what was he to understand?—Was he the child of blackest guilt? — Was his mother the monstrous author of his ignominy?—She whom he had ever believed to be the most immaculate of her sex ! the most exemplary of wives !" What he then endured could only be surpassed by the scene that followed a few hours after. He was informed that a gentleman wished to speak to

him on particular business. He could see no one was his reply. The message was more urgently repeated, when he desired that any communication absolutely necessary might be made in writing. A card was then presented—"Colonel Fitzgerald."—St. Maurice frowned—but recollecting that he had lost some pounds to this man the preceding night, which, not having about him, he had directed him to call for, he concluded that he owed his visit to that circumstance. He thought that to refuse to see him would look like an inclination to evade his demands, he therefore gave leave for his admission, and struggling for temporary composure, he prepared the amount of the debt.

Colonel Fitzgerald entered ; the door was closed ; but he advanced not immediately ; he stood apparently affected by some extraordinary disorder. The haggard, hacknied features, relaxed, from the inflation of bloated intemperance, by time, and the long service of sin,

and now disguised by the loose skin that wrinkled round them, underwent strange contortions ; his lips quivered, his eyes wandered, he drew his handkerchief across them, and advanced a few paces with theatrical precision ; then, with his head inclined to one side, and attempting to throw an expression of tenderness into his blood-shot eyes, he more quickly approached the astonished St. Maurice, and extending his arms towards him, exclaimed, " My son !" St. Maurice sprang back many paces, and stood in an attitude of defence, shuddering and gasping, with his eyes fixed in visible horror on the disgusting object before him.

The dreadful recollection of what he had learnt from the newspaper, the manner in which this man's name had been concealed from him the night before, the looks of his friends, when it was at length revealed, and their subsequent description of Colonel Fitzgerald, as a long practised seducer, and

a libertine of the blackest cast ; all seemed to corroborate the detestable claim he now asserted. But St. Maurice *would* not believe it : no, he would not for a moment admit such a possibility. His whole mass of blood seemed to rise in rebellion against such consanguinity.

The colonel, clasping his hands together, and wringing them with the gestures of despair, now ejaculated—

“ Is this the reception of my child ? my only child ! It wanted but *this* to complete my sum of misery—aged, afflicted, and deserted, I sink into the grave, while my only child refuses even to acknowledge me.”

St. Maurice, in a state little short of distraction, bade him explain himself ; when this infamous being, to fill up the measure of his iniquities, revealed to the unhappy young man his mother’s frailty, and prevented the possibility of doubt by displaying some of her letters which he retained. He had previously

taken the precaution of making an alteration of a few months in the dates, by which he effected an imposition that could not permit St. Maurice to doubt of Colonel Fitzgerald's paternal claim ; though this vile man knew full well the extent of his atrocity, and that he was still persecuting his victim (the father of St. Maurice) in the person of his son, the just and rightful heir.

This plan had been long meditated, and was deeply laid, and Fitzgerald had only waited the opportunity, which the youth's succession to his father would offer him, of putting it in execution. He had ascertained that St. Maurice was expected in London, where he impatiently anticipated the fulfilment of his plot, and the accidental rencounter at the gaming-house had thrown him immediately in his way. His design, which he was not long in unfolding to the wretched St. Maurice, whom he had reduced to a state of perfect despondency, was to

extort from him a promise to answer his pecuniary demands to the half of his fortune, on which condition alone, he would resign all claim to the character of his parent. He declared, that he should otherwise publicly avow his relationship, and draw down the contempt of the world upon the man, who revelled in the property he had no just right to, and neglected the author of his being ; neither should the infamy of his mother be suffered to repose in oblivion.

St. Maurice heard all that he had to say, with an impenetrable frown, while he remained inflexibly silent, and appeared to be suffering under the extremest torture, which he was determined should not extort a groan. Had he opened his lips, the bitterest reproaches alone would have passed them ; and when at length he unclosed them, after repeated interrogations which solicited reply, such alone

was the language that he uttered. He reproached Fitzgerald with the baseness of his character, declaring, with furious vehemence, that no power on earth should ever induce him to call such a being father. Fitzgerald, little acquainted with the workings of a virtuous heart, though well versed in the study of the guileful and atrocious, sought another means of operating on St. Maurice's mind, by revealing to him the particulars, which he had continued to learn relative to the existence and appearance of a son of Lord St. Maurice, whom, Fitzgerald observed, the whole world would doubtless consider as his only *just* heir.

“ And so he is ! and *shall* be ”—vociferated St. Maurice, in a voice of thunder.—“ Do you think that I mean to follow *your* example, and prove myself alike unworthy in *every* thing ? Do you think that I will live an impostor on society, deprive a worthy man

of his just right, and evince by my conduct how true a child I am of blackest guilt and infamy?"

When the violence of St. Maurice would permit Fitzgerald again to speak, he attempted to sooth him by offering his advice in a calm manner, and with an appearance of reasonableness. He suggested that St. Maurice should feign the ignorance, which till then had been genuine, of all the circumstances of his birth, that he should boldly hold his place in society, as unquestionably the son, as well as heir of Lord St. Maurice, and that he should privately supply him (Fitzgerald) with what he demanded, or by effecting a marriage, which he was now willing to contract, between him and Lady St. Maurice, enable him to maintain a style of living suitable to her rank. He professed his conviction, that St. Maurice would, upon reflection, be ready to meet his views.

To be left alone was all that St.

Maurice required, while he absolutely rejected every proposition offered by Fitzgerald, who at length departed, but with an assurance that he should speedily return, and hurl on the head of St. Maurice the thunder of a parent's malediction, if he dared to despise so sacred a claim.

How different did St. Maurice appear at that epoch, to the example which his brother had presented on the downfall of all *his* splendid expectations, and his own personal reduction to a state which cast an odium on his birth. How patient was Justinian under disappointment? How calmly did he endure? How speedily did he recover that contentment which sprang from unbounded confidence in the Disposer of all things? How rapidly did he conform his mind to his circumstances, directing his attention to the necessity of chalking out a new plan of life, and ardently entering on it.

St. Maurice's soul, in the hour of

adversity, fell a prey to the most frightful gloom ; despair took entire possession of it. In darkness and solitude he resigned himself to the agonies of passionate grief. The detested image of his supposed father ever before his view, and the sense of his mother's guilt never absent from his thoughts. He was denied alike to every one,—thus neither Fitzgerald, who called repeatedly, nor Mr. Delaval, who frequently inquired for him, could gain admission. At night he wandered forth, continually meditating suicide, which he probably would have committed but for the tender recollection of Miss Delaval, whom he knew to be devotedly attached to him, and *that* consideration at length induced him to offer some explanation of the cause of his absence ; and he wrote an incoherent note to Mr. Delaval, who could only understand that his presence was desired. But Mr. Delaval had also seen the paragraph in the newspaper, which

had attracted St. Maurice's attention; and had therefore guessed the cause of his seclusion, and was prepared for what ensued at their interview. It commenced by bitter reproaches on the part of St. Maurice, for the deception that had been practised on him from his birth, to which he concluded Mr. Delaval was accessory, and he vehemently declared his determination of resigning the title and property, to which he considered himself wholly without a claim.

Who can express the relief that Lord St. Maurice experienced when assured by Mr. Delaval, from the evidence of personal resemblance, and other circumstances that had lately come to that gentleman's knowledge, that he was, indeed, the son of the late lord. He was overpowered even to tears, and all the harshness of his sufferings gave way for a time under the delightful conviction, that the wretched Fitzgerald had not given him

birth, and that he might hate that miscreant with all the abhorrence which his heart felt towards him. St. Maurice informed Mr. Delaval of the extent of Colonel Fitzgerald's villany, and avowed a determination of making him expiate by his blood the foul stigma that he had brought on his family, or take the life he had rendered valueless. But the potent arguments of Mr. Delaval, and his representation of the distracting anguish which such a measure would inflict on the unhappy Lady St. Maurice, with some allusions to the consideration that was due to his own daughter, induced St. Maurice to resign the fashionable mode of eclipsing one crime, by the greater flagrancy of that which is added to it; and he constrained his fury within the limits of a letter, such as we should be sorry to transcribe. It ended with a threat, that if Fitzgerald ever dared to enter the presence of Lord St. Maurice again, that insulted

nobleman would hurl him to a depth which was the demon's native element.

St. Maurice now again ventured to appear before Miss Delaval, who, previously informed of the cause of his absence, met him with that gentle sympathy which left him nothing to fear from her displeasure. But while her behaviour doubly endeared her to him, it augmented the pain with which he contemplated the obstacle now presented to their happiness; for never to marry during his mother's life time was his solemn determination. How could he, with any prospect of comfort? His wife must be a stranger to his mother;—he must desert the latter if he was devoted to the former. The woman he espoused could not be the companion of the degraded being whom he shuddered to think was his mother. As *such*, he would never neglect nor forsake her; neglected and forsaken, as she must be, by all the world beside. He must sacrifice himself to her for

the period that she might exist. Horrible was the anticipation of their next interview, and the reflection that he must for ever destroy her newly-awakened hopes of revisiting society, where he never could appear with her; nor could any consideration tempt him to insult the virtuous portion of that sex, which he so much respected, by introducing such a companion to them.—The only gratification he experienced at that period was from the recital of every circumstance connected with his father, which Mr. Delaval had the power of communicating.—The character of his brother was also accurately delineated to him by Mr. Delaval, who wished to apprise Justinian of his affinity to St. Maurice; but the latter would not permit it, observing that he was persuaded, that both his brother, and the world, believed him to be the son of Fitzgerald, and any attempt to conciliate, or claim kindred with Justinian, would be im-

puted to unworthy motives ; as a view, of securing the good opinion of men on his own side. Nor did he doubt that Justinian would reject every overture towards communication from the son of Lady St. Maurice, even could he be prevailed on to believe that his birth was unsullied.—In short, Lord St. Maurice would allow of no interference in the present posture of affairs, entreating, that all allusions to the past should be suspended during his mother's life time, as none could be made without reflecting upon her, and bringing her transgression into notice. If he survived her, he should then stand forward to the world in his real character, and prove that he was the person whom he asserted himself to be ; but till that period arrived, he should live in obscurity, and neither excite the comments of the world, nor endure its stigma. His lively attachment to Miss Delaval, led him to propose an engagement, which she willingly

agreed to, and which received her father's sanction.

St. Maurice thought of writing to his mother, and preparing her for what she had to expect; but he had not gained resolution to do so, nor to set out on his return, when an express arrived to apprize him that she was dying. He lost not a moment in obeying the summons, and travelled night and day, till he reached her remote abode. We will not pain the reader by a particular delineation of the dreadful scene that followed. Lady St. Maurice's indisposition was occasioned by a letter from Colonel Fitzgerald, in which he proffered his hand to her, communicated the nature of his plans, and imparted the particulars of his interview with her son. That son she really believed would never more be induced to behold her; but as the strongest excitement to his feelings she had infinitely exaggerated her danger, by which she hoped he might be

wrought on to come to her. The termination of their first interview left her in convulsions, and him in a state very little short of madness.

No wretchedness could be more complete than that which for weeks and months succeeded; St. Maurice having too much principle to forsake his mother, and no means to prove a consolation to her. His only source of comfort, at that time, was in the letters which he occasionally received from Miss Delaval. She never failed to mention his brother, and presented such traits of his character, and such reports of his genius, as increased to the highest degree the interest St. Maurice had before felt for him, and which ultimately prompted the scheme of seeking an intercourse with him under a feigned name. It was long meditated, often relinquished, and as frequently revived; and at length determined on, as promising a means of gratification to enliven the existence,

• which was then scarcely endurable. The declining state of his mother's health, which was fast yielding to the tortures of her mind, rendered a milder atmosphere essential to her existence; but she long opposed the advice of her physician, and every proposal which her son urged relative to her removal to the south of England, because St. Maurice refused to accompany her to the estate she wished to reside at, and stipulated that wherever she might go, it must not be in her own character. At length her increasing indisposition induced her to yield to his entreaties, and thus abet the plan which he had in contemplation; and by easy journeys he succeeded in removing her to the vicinity of Justinian's residence. Meeting with an eligible abode, he there fixed her under the appellation of Mrs. Clarendon. She had two servants, a male and a female, who had lived with her ever since the period of her disgrace, enduring all her caprices

for the sake of the sums that she lavished on them, in order to induce them to remain in her service, for she could not do without them, and they were necessarily in her confidence. They were instructed by St. Maurice to preserve the secrecy which he thought proper to maintain on their change of residence. No persuasion could induce Lady St. Maurice to resign the dignity of her title in her own house, nor did she ever speak of her son to her domestics but as Lord St. Maurice; but he prevailed on her to be more on her guard in presence of the physician who attended her, and she saw no one beyond the threshold. She was not ignorant that the University in that neighbourhood sheltered the brother of her son, the offspring of the same father; neither was she unacquainted with the circumstances connected with Justinian, which had been imparted to her by St. Maurice; and the latter was much surprised when

she expressed a wish, that he should seek that young man, and endeavour to cultivate his friendship. On this point at least, Lady St. Maurice and her son perfectly agreed; but he soon found that it was next to impossible to become familiar with his brother, unless he entered himself a member of the same college; for Justinian was so devoted to his studies, and so entirely leagued with those who were connected with them, that he was inaccessible to all out of that line. St. Maurice was pleased with the idea of again becoming a collegian, as he hoped it would be the means of relieving him from many distressing hours, and perhaps would render those which he could then but occasionally spend with his mother, more valuable in her estimation. He expected her disapprobation of his project, but there again she amazed him by commending it, and even advised him to study seriously for some profession, hinting a

wish, that he would follow his brother's example, as there was a valuable living in the family. St. Maurice could in no way account for his mother's counsel on this head. He had thought of his bestowing the living in question on his brother when it should become vacant; but what Lady St. Maurice could mean by recommending to *him* a *profession*, which she had always despised, he could not comprehend. The emotion he experienced on first beholding his brother, in whom he immediately traced the resemblance to himself, was scarcely controllable; and when Justinian betrayed a desire to seek his acquaintance, and addressed him in that conciliating tone and amiable manner, which was peculiar to himself, St. Maurice could scarcely refrain from claiming him as a brother. We have already witnessed the fulfilment of his plan in their close intimacy, and the mutual regard which it cemented. But St. Maurice's misery could not decrease while he

was doomed to contemplate the sufferings of his mother, who, though her recovery was despaired of, lingered on in torture of body and mind, still dreading nothing so much as her summons to eternity. Her apprehensions and her horrors, augmented to a degree scarcely supportable, during the period of her son's indisposition, which was so much increased by his anxiety on her account. When she again beheld him, her spirit being subdued, and a transient ray of comfort beaming on her in his restoration, she evinced a softened emotion, which rendered her more interesting in his eyes than she had ever before appeared. Floods of tears, with every indication of the most alarming weakness, betrayed the rapid increase of her disease, and from that time St. Maurice determined to continue entirely with her; when he announced to Justinian his intention of taking lodgings in the country for the benefit of his health. His evasive

answer when his friend informed him of the reports, circulated to his disadvantage, was of course designed to mislead him. St. Maurice intended that the period of deception should only extend to that of his mother's demise, but until that awful hour had passed, he was most anxious to preserve it. His heart was now often wounded by her bitter lamentations, in moments of extreme weakness, at being deprived of the attentions of a tender judicious female companion, who could comprehend all that she required, and soothe and console her; but the only woman she had about her, was selfish, vulgar, and presumptuous; knowing that she was of consequence, and therefore frequently impertinent and captious.—St. Maurice proposed a nurse, but that was still more intolerable to his mother—no, it was the soothing intercourse of which she had for so many years been deprived, that she required, the gentle

voice of genuine refinement, the sympathetic eye, the eager solicitude of a compassionate enlightened being of her own sex. Her melancholy repinings on this subject excited the most acute anguish in her son's breast, which was further augmented by her reproaches. She was now no stranger to his engagement with Miss Delaval, and she accused him of the utmost obduracy, and hardness of heart, for not conjuring the woman who professed to love him to come to his dying mother, who might be visited as *Mrs. Clarendon*, without exciting the comments of the world. St. Maurice could not propose such a measure to Miss Delaval; but his letters, both to her and her father, betrayed his deep distress at his mother's deserted situation, and her deprivation of a female companion at such an awful period. Mr. Delaval at length yielded to his daughter's representation, and permitted her to go on a visit to their friends who resided

near Lady St. Maurice's residence, to which Miss Delaval might occasionally repair. That amiable young lady, though properly respecting the opinion of the world, and with too high a sense of what was due to herself, to permit her to associate with a being who had outraged the most sacred tie, while that being could be considered as still belonging to this world, and likely to continue in it; yet felt, that there was a period when a veil might be cast over an "erring sister's shame," and that to close a dying sinner's eyes, to smooth her thorny pillow, and whisper the possibility of mercy, were offices that might be performed without a risk of contamination. Having formed her resolution, she wrote the letter which, through mistake, had been addressed to Lansdowne. The allusion it contained to the *melancholy departure*, referred to the expected decease of Lady St. Maurice, and the intention of going to *Ashdale Cottage*, merely in-

dedicated Miss Delaval's determination of visiting its unhappy inmate, though the manner in which it was mentioned led Justinian to conclude, that the writer was to sojourn there. All this was apparent on a re-perusal of the hurried serawl.

His sudden introduction into the presenee of Lady St. Maurice, Justinian owed to the mistake of the servant who admitted him, and who, by the uncertain light of a distant lamp in the passage, took him for Lord St. Maurice, who generally returned home about that hour. Lady St. Maurice also very naturally concluded, that it was her son who had entered the room where she reclined, and addressed him under that persuasion. But when she turned her eyes on Justinian, and the lights revealed his countenance, she was for a moment quite overpowered by his entire resemblance to his father, such as he had been at the period of their separation. She beheld that com-

plete expression of his whole contour, which her own son did not so fully possess. The recollection of an instant convinced her, that she only beheld the offspring of her injured husband, and she then believed that he had sought her purposely to reproach and insult her.



CHAPTER XXII.

MISS DELAVAL'S communication to Justinian was a very brief summary of the circumstances which she was called on to explain, while she referred him to her father for minute particulars. Sensible that she must be impatient to inform St. Maurice of her arrival, which owing to the mistake about the letter he had yet to learn, Justinian took his leave; first entreating Miss Delaval not to inform her sister of the presumptuous error he had fallen into, for which he did not cease to reproach himself, while he rejoiced that he had been deceived, more even on Laura's account than his own. She regained her place in his good opinion, without obtaining so high a one as to make him regret, that she did not love him quite as much as

he had imagined. He hastened home, impatient to learn if St. Maurice had been seeking him, and was surprised to find that he had not called. During that evening Justinian could not expect him, not doubting that he would be engaged with Miss Delaval. The ensuing day, Lansdowne had appointed for his departure, but he could not bear the thought of going without again seeing his brother, nor of losing an interview, from which he anticipated such infinite gratification, and he determined to delay his journey one day, when he should doubtless either see, or hear from, St. Maurice. Yet it passed without bringing him any intelligence whatever from that interesting quarter, and Justinian felt much mortified and disappointed. He was strongly impressed with the idea, that all advances, under their present circumstances, should still come from Lord St. Maurice, who had hitherto only communicated with him in a ficti-

tious character; and how he might act towards him in his own, was yet to be proved. Justinian nourished not a single suspicion to his disadvantage, but he might have motives for conducting himself in opposition to his inclinations. It was not so surprising that he should have failed to seek his brother, as that he should have neglected to write an explanation of such neglect. Justinian could only conclude, that Lady St. Maurice was much worse, and demanded every moment of her son's attention. Howbeit Lansdowne could not feel justified in longer delaying his departure. He was fully bent on commencing his professional duties on the ensuing Sabbath, and had notified that intention, and by leaving the University the next morning he should only be enabled to reach his living by Saturday night. But he determined to make an effort to learn something of his brother, by writing a note to Miss Delaval, osten-

sibly to take leave, but in which he expressed his anxiety to know how Lady St. Maurice had sustained the agitation he had been the unfortunate means of occasioning ; and also acknowledged his regret at not having seen Lord St. Maurice before his departure. Justinian was convinced, that the contents of this letter would be communicated to his brother. The reply to it afforded him but little satisfaction ; it was merely an effusion of kind wishes on the part of Miss Delaval, to which was added the information, that Lady St. Maurice was no worse—but not a word regarding his brother. Justinian felt grieved, and with considerable dejection from that source, as well as regret at taking leave of several valued friends, he the next morning set off on his journey. He left a scene endeared to him by imperishable impressions ; connected with the expansion of his faculties, the progress of their achievements, and the

still greater ends they aspired to accomplish, under the hallowed influence to which he ascribed all his success.

His journey proved tedious, for his heart was divided between the spot he had quitted, and that which he was impatient to approach ; but when he at length found himself within a few miles of his destination, every remembrance of the past gave way to the present impression. He conceived that he was entering on the scene of his future life, and every object that met his eye was greeted as one with which he was to form an intimacy. He was delighted in observing the fertility and beauty of the surrounding scenery, and not displeased to perceive several gentlemen's seats scattered to the view. The cottages that he passed were not so neat as he wished to have found them, but their population appeared numerous. He could not forbear nodding to the rustics as he passed, while he looked

upon them with that mild benignity which seemed to claim them as his flock. The extensive charms of the prospect every moment increased, and were advantageously discerned from his elevated place on the top of a public vehicle. At length, in the distance, and on the brow of a gentle ascent, separated from the village by a winding river, which was surmounted by an old stone bridge, picturesque, but by no means fanciful, appeared the parish church. Justinian's eyes remained riveted upon it, and a train of thought so interesting took possession of his mind, that he knew not what was passing, till the carriage stopped to put him down, as he had previously directed. He was still nearly a mile from the village, to which the high road did not lead. A small public house by the road side received his baggage, where he left it till it could be removed to the Parsonage House. Thi-

ther he set off on foot, being directed the shortest way across the fields. The walk, to him, was charming. On every side such scenes extended, as promised, when the verdure of summer should adorn them, to be perfectly romantic, and already the reviving beauties of spring invested them with peculiar interest. The path through the meadows terminated in a narrow avenue, formed by a hanging coppice on either side: this conducted to a wicket which opened into the church-yard. On the opposite side stood the Parsonage: Justinian passed into the cemetery, and there rested awhile. The sun was declining, and the dial, against which he leaned, no longer reflected its shade. He thought how often it would mark the hour that would witness his passing steps, and he fervently prayed that he never might retire from that sacred edifice, on which he looked,

without having made some soul the better.

He cast his eyes on the mounds beneath, and was sorry to see them disfigured with weeds and nettles, while the inscriptions on the head stones were defaced, not by time, but by ill usage. Several swine were grazing on the rank grass, or burrowing the earth till the bones, which many centuries had mingled with their mother earth, again appeared, to cry out against this indecent profanation. Justinian was shocked at such palpable neglect of duty and propriety on the part of those whose office it was to attend to these things. He drew close to the church, and looked through one of the windows;—the interior was larger than he had imagined, and was calculated to accommodate a numerous congregation. Several handsome monuments appeared, but they were in bad condition, and

the walls looked green and disfigured. He now hastened towards the Parsonage, where he expected to find the late curate prepared to welcome him. On being appointed to the living, Lansdowne had written to the officiating clergyman, to inform him, that though it was his intention to take the duty on himself, he begged his predecessor would not think of leaving the parsonage till it was perfectly convenient, and that he should feel obliged by his continuing his office until he himself should arrive. To this letter Justinian had received an acquiescent reply, and had subsequently notified the day on which he might be expected. The parsonage house had once been a respectable structure ; but now every thing about it was in such a state of dilapidation and disorder, as to require much labour and expense to restore it to its original character. Justinian knocked several times before he could gain ad-

mittance. The door was at length opened by a female servant, who to Justinian's inquiries replied, that her master had quitted the neighbourhood.—“ Was he expected to return?” She did not know. Lansdowne now felt quite at a loss; he had depended on his predecessor for many necessary communications, and he now only found a note from him, containing a direction, to which Justinian was requested to remit the sum which he was indebted for the duty that had been performed since the demise of the late vicar. Lansdowne had no time to comment on the note, nor upon the desolation that reigned within the house, which was devoid of furniture. He was to enter on his ministerial office the next morning, and for the first time appear before a congregation of his own, and one with which he was totally unacquainted, and which, by the mansions that he had observed in the vicinity,

, he concluded would be of no mean description. His discourse, and indeed many another, had long since been prepared, but he wished to be informed of the customs of the place, and he was glad when the parish clerk presented himself. From the eager civility and loquaciousness of this man, Justinian soon obtained all necessary communications, and was much obliged by the attention with which he had provided for his reception in a neat cottage of his own. The clerk had two rooms which he was in the habit of letting, and, aware of the state of the parsonage, he had fitted them up very comfortably, for the accommodation of the new clergyman.

Perhaps this active foresight was not wholly disinterested, as the clerk was desirous of ingratiating himself with Lansdowne, who very gladly took advantage of his civility, and accompanied him to the village, which

they gained by crossing the bridge, before mentioned. All that met Justinian's view on the other side, did not meet his approbation; there was little of order or cleanliness in the aspect of the inhabitants, or the precincts of their abodes. The labour of the day concluded; many groupes appeared of no prepossessing demeanour, some of the individuals being evidently intoxicated, which Justinian could hardly marvel at, when he reckoned no less than six public houses before he reached the clerk's residence. Few of the persons whom he had passed had offered any obeisance, though they stared at him in a way that betrayed very little respect for the cloth. With the neat, though diminutive accommodations prepared for him, he was perfectly satisfied; and though his chair and his tea table occupied nearly the whole space of his little parlour, and his dog, when he stretched himself, almost extended the

whole length of it, he did not the less relish the comfortable refreshments the clerk's wife set before him. As he looked round, debating how he should accommodate his books, and arranged a plan in his mind, he thought he could live there very happily for a few weeks, or even months, should it prove necessary. His only regret was that the height of his apartment rendered it utterly impossible, that his father's picture could there be displayed. We ought before to have mentioned that he had secured possession of it ere he left America. Marian's only excuse for leaving it in the empty house was, that she did not like to look at it.



CHAPTER XXIII.

JUSTINIAN had taken considerable pains to prepare the discourse, which was to make his first impression on his congregation. From the size of the parish he concluded, that it would be numerous, and he was not a little surprised, and disappointed, on finding that his auditors amounted to just twenty individuals. But he was not the less anxious to impress those few, though he deeply regretted that there were not many more. However in the afternoon the church was at least half full, and his spirits revived. The circumstances of the case were afterwards explained to him by the clerk. It appeared that the late curate had been so immoral and reprobate a character, as to be held in abhorrence by the majority of the parishioners, and had

excited so strong a degree of contempt and personal dislike in many whom he had injured and insulted, that the chief part of the congregation deserted his church. They thus became scattered; some repairing to different places of worship, where they more frequently exercised curiosity than piety; others willingly seized on the excuse for neglecting a duty often irksome to them, and abstained from all public devotion; while the few pious Christians, who felt themselves bound never to neglect so great a duty, and who, from infirmity and other causes, could not overcome the distance to any other church, were compelled to endure the bitter mortification, the grievous affliction, of hearing the most sublime and sacred truths uttered by lips that elsewhere breathed language only worthy of the father of falsehood. They with horror saw the holy garb of piety borne by this emissary of the evil one, and exciting the ridicule of those enemies

to sanctity, who rejoice to find it sheltering hypocrisy and crime. But the first concern and deepest sorrow of the friends of Christianity were for the wound inflicted on the vital interest of their religion, by a being whose obnoxious character drove many from the possibility of instruction, and whose practice authorized the ignorant to imagine, that his precepts might with safety be neglected, on the strength of his example. To this primary evil, whose baleful consequences were incalculable, was added the humiliation and regret, experienced by the zealous and attached members of the establishment, in beholding their venerated mother church insulted by such a minister of her offices, and exposed to the derision of her enemies for permitting such worthless and disgraceful servants to be enrolled under her banners. The late vicar of this parish had possessed several Livings, and being far advanced in years, had been unable to

attend to them, and found great difficulty in procuring a person to perform the duties of this remote church for the trifling stipend he allowed. He therefore was not very inquisitive respecting circumstances, which, if proved, would have compelled him to dismiss the accused.

The curate had very weighty reasons for concealing the period of his departure, which might otherwise have been protracted by means rather inconvenient to him; it remained unsuspected till he was actually gone, for he went not before the day on which Lansdowne arrived; so that it was generally supposed, that the curate was to preach as usual, which accounted for the emptiness of the church. But the report spread swiftly that a stranger had officiated, whose manner and declamation were happily appropriate to a faultless doctrine; and curiosity in some, and better motives in others, increased the evening congregation.

The evils arising from a non-resident vicar, and the residence of a worthless deputy, were conspicuous in every scene which Justinian penetrated. The people were ignorant, idle, and dissolute; the children wild, and totally uninstructed; and he questioned if the active exertions of a worthy missionary were more required in the wilds of Africa and America, than in this spot. Here they were *called* Christians, with scarcely a claim beyond the name to distinguish them from savages; and the ruin and destruction which Justinian had witnessed at the parsonage, was purely an emblem of all that he beheld in the village and its inhabitants, and arose from the same cause, the entire worthlessness of the person who had for many years presided over both alike. Justinian made inquiries respecting the principal families in the neighbourhood, hoping that some might be found among them, who would take

an interest about the village. The clerk, whose name was Davies, informed him, that the *squire*, as he was termed, to whom most of the land around the place belonged, prevented any other of the gentry or nobility, from interfering with it, and they were never even seen there; for having carriages they frequented distant churches. But squire Rainsworth and the curate had been great friends, the latter had almost lived at the hall, and these two persons bore entire sway in the village. Such an intimacy spoke at once the character of Mr. Rainsworth, which was in few respects superior to that of his associate. He possessed considerable property and power in the county, and as he paid his debts, sometimes contributed to public charities, and occasionally attended divine worship at his parish church to hear his *friend*, he conceived that he had every title to respectability; while his life was a

public outrage to decency, morality, and religion. He was the father of *two* families. The first consisted of a daughter, now about twenty-three years of age, two sons at school, and a little girl about ten : all the offspring of an amiable wife, whom his baseness had precipitated to the grave. Her children had many years been aliens to their father's house. They resided in a cottage, at the distance of two miles, which his eldest daughter had extorted from him by supplication and entreaty, and where she lived with her little sister and a respectable elderly female. There also her brothers spent their holidays, while their mother's situation was usurped by a degraded creature, who publicly presided at their father's table, surrounded by his illicit offspring.

With this train he often appeared at public worship, and he himself would sometimes presume to join in

the most sacred ordinances of Christianity.* At variance with all his neighbours, he lived despised by the rich, and detested by the poor, to whom he proved an oppressive and unfeeling landlord.

In the character of Mr. Rainsworth, Justinian beheld a probable obstruction to many of the beneficial plans, which he rapidly formed for the suppression of vice, and the consequent misery, that he beheld around him. Here was, indeed, a field for labour; and no husbandman ever entered upon his work with more alacrity. He lost no time in soliciting the attention of the neighbouring families to a scheme for establishing a national school, and he found them all willing to second his proposal, though no one had been inclined to stand first in such a cause. Even Mr. Rainsworth, ostentatiously

* Lest this should be thought *impossible*, we with deep ~~regret~~ affirm, that instances of equal profaneness have come under our own cognizance.

headed the list of subscribers, though he at the same time observed, that he had ever disapproved of educating the poor, as it only gave them high notions ; but, however, *he* would never be backward at any *general* subscription. His inconsistency and pride were thus equally apparent. At the public meetings that took place both on the arrangement of this business and other parochial calls, Justinian encountered all the country gentlemen of that vicinity ; and received overtures of attention from them, for which he was obliged ; but, for the present, declined them, for he could experience no enjoyment while so much remained to be done, or while he was not doing something towards promoting the accomplishment of his views. But it was as far from his intentions to relinquish society altogether, as to join in it promiscuously, or without limits. His very prepossessing manners, the eager and animated expression of his

countenance, while pursuing his active designs,—the elasticity of his step, and figure, so characteristic of his energetic mind, the persuasive vivacity of his speech, when proving the weight of his cause in opposition to any dissenting voice among the assembled gentlemen, altogether excited so strong an impression in his favour, and raised such high expectations regarding his oratorical powers, as insured him a future congregation, very different from that which he had lately addressed. In his church, he appeared in a still more imposing character, and commanded irresistible attention, by the calm dignity of his general delivery, the impressive fervency of his occasional apostrophe's, and the pathetic energy of his supplication; all so calculated to effect the most desirable revolution in the hearts and lives of his hearers, by shewing them those divine truths, in all their natural splendour, which hitherto their own blind-

ness, and that of their instructor, had concealed from them. The exquisite simplicity of the doctrine that he preached was all that he wished to display, the beneficial consequences *all* that he desired to accomplish. While to the enlightened and cultivated mind he recommended the study of the scriptures in all their original splendour, and represented the inexhaustible mine of celestial treasures, the godlike wisdom, the divine instruction, the inestimable advantages to be derived from the closest examination of every portion; he directed the attention of the ignorant and unlettered to those particular chapters and books which contain a clear summary of the magnificent whole, and are suited to the limits of the mental vision of those, who by attempting to scan all might have lost sight of those important points, alone essential. He never sought to shine himself, but forgot his own insignificant identity in the stupendous

theme he was expounding, and on which he strove to fix the whole soul of his auditors. He considered, that he was an organ, a mere machine, contrived to instruct others, and only ranked himself with a well-tuned instrument, which proved the ingenuity of the maker, whose designs it answered.

END OF VOL. II.

